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[J. HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.]

REVIEWS

Revue du Progrès Social. Published monthly at Paris. London, Ridgway.

We are happy to see that, amid the strifes and storms of party—strifes by which no good is gained, and storms by which no evil is removed—a little journal has lately made its appearance in France with which politics is not a *cri de guerre*, but a science—a science to be cultivated, like other sciences, patiently, humbly, in the spirit of philanthropy and of truth. The founders of the ‘*Revue du Progrès Social*’ seem to have felt that the time was come for France, wearied and vexed with long and ceaseless changes, to pause, to look temperately, and with an eye of enlightened experience, at her actual political condition, and to see what ameliorations are compatible with the government she now possesses. They maintain, and we believe with great truth, that there exist no other impediments to several of the most important reforms—in education, in the law, in the commercial system—that what are to be found in the ignorance of the people; and that the continual agitation of questions which absorb the attention and influence the passions of the people, can have no other effect than to prolong the reign of error and of abuse. Of this, the state of French commercial policy affords a striking proof. It is unquestionable that, with, we believe, a single exception, the entire present ministry of France regards that policy as most disastrous, and is only prevented from making great and immediate changes by the rooted prejudices of the people.

“One thing,” say the Editors, “must immediately strike the reader in our views—that is, the enormous mass of innovations acknowledged to be possible with the political body actually established, and even favourable to its interests and its developement. This simple consideration suffices to show the immense distance which separates us from parties which, before they can found a village school, call for changes in the dynasty and the electoral forms. What we, for our part, demand is, intellectual and economical ameliorations. As to political reform, the only sort which seems to us efficacious is that which tends to give sounder notions to the electoral and to the legislative bodies.

“May this posture of things, which affords so many securities for public order, determine those in favour of improvement who have hitherto resisted it! May the idea of so much good, practicable without shocks, without political perturbation, alienate from party intrigues those well-intentioned men who are still continually captivated by false shows, forgetting in the regrets and disappointments of a few the interest of all, and their own duties to mankind!”

This is not the way to have partisans, but it seems to us of the very essence of good sense and philanthropy.

But we are travelling into ground which is scarcely within our competence. To the readers of the *Athenæum* we must recom-

mend our youthful cotemporary on other and not less important grounds. It treats of religion, of education, of art, in a manner which, though by no means likely to obtain the unqualified concurrence or approbation of sober, practical, and protestant England, must, we think, be interesting to all who are not so completely inclosed within the little circle of their own insularities as to be indifferent to the phases of the mind of a mighty nation, or repelled by any way of regarding a subject with which they are not familiar. It is true, we are not fond of being disturbed in the comfortable armchair of our own prejudices, (every one of which we have been taught to exult in as a grace or a virtue,) in which we have been *niched* so long: still, these are days in which the winds of heaven come loaded with tidings and thoughts from many lands; and the pious belief in such assertions of our own exclusive wisdom, learning, and virtue, and of the depravity and ignorance of France and Germany, is less general and strong than many worthy men might wish. To those who see the cultivated society of these countries, or to those who read, such assertions are indeed simply ludicrous.

What is passing in the public mind of France, it is very difficult for us to arrive at any understanding or appreciation of. There is so considerable a quantity of *emphase*, affectation, and bad taste, mingled with symptoms of the best and noblest tendencies, that it requires a very searching eye and dispassionate judgment to ascertain what there really is of earnest, serious, fruitful thought and intention at the bottom—how much of vanity, of love of novelty, or of vaporous dreams, which will produce nothing. One thing is, however, perfectly clear: the seat of the scorner is not only dishonoured—it is overthrown.

Here is a revolution, compared to which the upsetting of twenty thrones, and the change of twenty dynasties, are as nothing. Mockery, *persiflage*, real or affected indifference to the affections, the sorrows, the hopes of man, are thoroughly obsolete and vulgar; and thus is one of perhaps the greatest obstacles to improvement withdrawn. For this mighty and beneficent change, let Poetry, the great humanizer, have her due meed of praise. Not the least interesting thing in the ‘*Revue du Progrès Social*,’ are the letters of three poets to the Editors. We can find room but for a sentence from each.

Monsieur Ballanche says—

“In my judgment, there is no durable and real good to be effected but by placing oneself in a sphere completely superior to political parties, and even to government. It is time, and high time, to place all our ideas of amelioration and of progress under the protection of the religious sentiment.”

“Let us then all concur,” says Victor Hugo, “each in his own region, each according to his peculiar law, to the grand substitution of social, for political questions. Everything depends on that. Let us endeavour to rally round the

practical idea of advancement all the choicest spirits, and to extract a higher party, which desires the perfection of civilization, from all those inferior parties which know not what they desire.”

“I wish most sincerely,” says M. de Lamartine, “that your Review may have the success it deserves, and may contribute to popularize political reason and political truth, to the destruction of those angry and vindictive passions which so barrenly dispute the empire of the future.”

We were going to give a few extracts from various papers, illustrative of what we have ventured to advance as to the state of the mind of France; but we fear it would be trespassing too far on the patience of our readers. Much has been said, and justly, on the odious bad taste and bad morality of what has aptly been called the *école convolutionnaire*; we have not, however, been told with equal emphasis, that this school is regarded with great disgust by all the better sort of French critics and readers: this, however, it would have been fair to say. At the same time, while we give some of the writers who have anatomized most successfully that fearful structure, the human heart, credit for good intentions, we doubt the justness of their views. Never, and in no case, is that universally true and wise maxim of Goethe—that it is by the constant, clear, and patient exposition of the Beautiful and the True, and not by attacks on the Foul and the False, that good is to be done—so true, so wise, as in this. For this reason, while we believe in and respect M. Sainte-Beuve’s motives, we dissent from the remarks of M. de St.-Chéron on the novel of *Volupté*.

“The Christian knows,” says the writer, eloquently, “how many noble faculties are stifled, how many good intentions rendered abortive, by the love of pleasure—how it degrades the dignity of man, shatters his energy, introduces hardness and selfishness into his heart—how it contracts and nullifies the being created for self-elevation, for love—created to be a cause of joy and of happiness to those belonging to him, to humanity a subject of glory. Such is the moral question analyzed by M. Sainte-Beuve. It is one of all times, but of our own above all, because never was the will of man less regulated, less submissive to duty and to privation. These confessions, therefore, contain a grave lesson.”

Again we say, we doubt the expediency of all such lessons—the effect of all such analyses; but, at least, there is nothing of levity in this view of the subject: it is that of the austere Fathers of the Church. As a further exemplification of the gravity of French criticism, we quote the following. We must mention that the hero of the novel takes refuge in a cloister, and that the spirit of the whole book is ascetically catholic.

“Now I must ask myself, what in this work is the part of art, and what of conviction? It would never occur to any one to think of such a distinction with regard to Dante, Tasso, Milton, or Klopstock; but M. Sainte-Beuve,

leaning to the too absolute predominance of *form*, authorizes the question. Is the author of 'Vouloir' a catholic from conviction, or from artistic fancy? Is the religious inspiration of his book a fiction chosen for the more convenient introduction of this or that situation or character, for the display of certain graces of style, or is it a faith fixed in the heart of the poet? The question is perhaps indiscreet, and may appear to many insignificant; to my eyes it is very important, and aids our judgment of existing literature.

"Do you not daily hear artists, *littérateurs*, boast of assiduously reading the Bible? What do they seek there?—Art. They delight in the picturesque forms, the poetical images, the eloquent style, the choice expressions. This is not only a profanation—it is a deplorable mania, which proves a superficiality of thoughts and sentiments; the consequence of which is to keep the soul in a constant impotence of conviction, to produce works more or less remarkable for form and technical skill, but null or factitious as to inspiration. A faith, be it what it may, is too serious a thing to be used merely as a mine for art to work."

We will honestly confess that this doubt has come across us in reading more than one of the later French works so strongly imbued with the spirit of Christianity. But the question is, as M. de St.-Chéron says, *indiscrète*, and one which charity, the fountain of all courtesy, hushes on our lips. It is one which each man ought to answer to his own conscience alone. If the present curiosity and interest about religion be only love of novelty, craving for a new excitement, a new *mouvement*, it will pass like other fashions, and leave behind it a more intolerable void than that which it has sought to cure. But we hope better things; and trust that, though darkness has long been on the face of the deep, it is the Spirit of God that is now moving on the face of the waters. A little more simplicity would certainly strengthen our convictions of the sincerity of these writers; but that is not one of the graces of modern French style.

Among the most interesting articles in the 'Revue' we must mention one on Archaeology, by M. Didron. It is in the form of a memoir, addressed to M. Guizot. The reception given to it by that gentleman gives him a new claim on the gratitude of his country and of Europe. M. Didron petitioned to be sent to inspect the remains of the Middle Ages, so admirably and religiously preserved in Germany, the birthplace and sanctuary of the Reformation. The French government has provided him means to accomplish far more than he asked for. We may now hope to see an end to the ruthless destruction, and the more intolerable beautification, which has been going on for centuries in France, in which the polite court and age of Louis XIV. vied with the barbarian frenzy of *sans-culottisme*. Would that we had a government here able or willing to stay the spoiler and the Vandal! Then should we no longer see such a building as Norwich Castle, the finest Norman castle, perhaps, in existence—larger, and every way grander, than its rival of Falaise—of an architecture wholly different from the numerous feudal remains along the Rhine—actually sentenced by the gentlemen of the county of Norfolk to be *faced*! We hear that the citizens of Norwich have called a meeting to attempt to stay this atrocity. We

earnestly wish them success, and must again say, that, in spite of the English horror of centralization, we wish there were some power in the state to control the acts of these *gentilshommes campagnards*, when they meddle with matters of which they cannot be supposed to know anything, but in which every educated man in the kingdom has an interest.

To return to M. Didron's paper. It is full of information, and contains the first comprehensive views we have seen, out of German, as to the uses, historical, moral, poetical, and religious, to be derived from an enlarged and well-understood study of the arts of the Middle Ages.

But this is a subject too long and large for our pages. In conclusion, therefore, we shall merely state, that every number of the 'Revue du Progrès Social' begins with a leading article on some important political question, signed, according to the custom of French journalists, by the two Editors. Then follow the various articles on literature, philosophy, political economy, education, &c., each signed by the contributor; and at the end is a 'Revue Parlamentaire' for each month; scientific notices, &c., of course. We forgot to say that No. 6 contains an excellent article on Primary Instruction. There is also an article, entitled 'Situation Politique de la France,' which contains the political confession of faith of the Editors.

Tynley Hall. By T. Hood.

[Second Notice.]

We return to this most original novel with sincere pleasure. We, however, mean to abide by our promise of not revealing any part of the story, but we may express our conviction that the entire work will prove the truth of the saying, (which we have heard by some denounced as fanciful,) "that the bright thread and the dark thread of human life are too inextricably intertwined ever to be separated," and that the master-hand which has command over the fountains of laughter, must also be able at pleasure to open up the springs of grief. We have always found that spirit in Mr. Hood's writing—even when he has been most extravagant in his humour—which has totally separated him from ordinary jest-makers. There has always been a pathos and tenderness peeping out, as it were, from behind the merry mask of Momus—with him the heart of the poet has always influenced the tongue of the satirist; and to all who would charge our judgment with partial supersubtlety, we would point to the tale before us—wherein the artist has had a wider canvas than usual, and, therefore, more scope for his peculiar and varied genius.

But to return to our extracts, still leaving the principal personages of the story untouched. The fête at the Hive, so imminently told, is to be succeeded by another at Tynley Hall. Can anything be much racier than the following account of preparations?

"Dear Mary Russell only could correctly enumerate what country cosmetics came into request, such as buttermilk for tan and freckles—honey dew, gathered at sunrise, for red hands and arms, and home made pomatum, for refractory stubble hair. * * * Faded satins were dipped in turmeric and logwood—rusty gauzes were refreshed with vinegar and stale table-

beer. Female dresses were bought, sold, and exchanged—cleaned, dyed, and altered. Tall mothers, figuratively speaking, were cut down into dumpy daughters; spare aunts were let out with new breadths into fat nieces, and big sisters were tucked and taken in till they became little ones. The hoarded costume of a century back was ransacked to deck modern beauties, and sometimes the suits of three or four generations contributed to make up a single dress—for example, Miss Giblett had a mother cap with grandmother lappets, an aunt boddice, a great-aunt laced apron, and a great grandmother skirt. Moreover, the dairy savings and farm-yard perquisites were laid out in fashionable millinery and cheap jewellery, so that Miss Rackstraw might be said to have a necklace of new-laid eggs—Miss Blossom, a tippet of fresh butter, and Miss Rugby, a new gown of fatted chickens, trimmed with green-gosling ribands, and flounced with turkey-poults. As for Miss Bilberry, she determined to go in her riding-habit, as the best habit she had.

"There was a dab-wash in every house. At each basement window stood female, ironing or clear-starching; and even towards the dinner hour, the copper flue outsmoked the kitchen chimney. Muslin lay bleaching on the grass-plots, the currant bushes were festooned with lace, and the dwarf yews seemed literally setting their caps at the passer-by."

For this fête, Miss Twigg (alias Tilda) was making ready her braveries, when news arrived, which rendered her going into fits a matter of necessity.

"The father hurried upwards to his daughter's apartment, where he found her in strong fits, with the mother slapping one hand, and her milliner crooking the little finger of the other.

"It is or was the custom of the modern Romans to parade their dead relations through the streets; and Dr. Trusler mentions seeing a portly defunct thus carried in state, in his holiday suit, with one hand holding a bouncing nosegay, and the other stuck gracefully in his side. As pale as death, and tricked out according to the last new fashion from Paris, which she had been trying on preparatory to the fête at the Hall, Miss Twigg might have been taken for a body undergoing its adornment for a similar ceremonial. A pink satin had, as if in studious contrast to her complexion, made her look 'very dead indeed,' while a silk dress, of a pattern not at that time old-fashioned, on a white ground, displayed large bunches of roses, lilies, and some nondescript blossoms, looking as if the hand of regret had strewed her with flowers. But she soon literally kicked down this comparison, by her fit assuming that convulsive character vulgarly distinguished as kicking hysterics; and leaving the little finger, the milliner was fain to snatch off the becoming hat, and to prevent two remarkably active feet from entangling themselves in the surrounding flounces.

"'Screech, my love, it will relieve you,' said the anxious mother, raising her daughter as she spoke into a favourable position for the exertion of her voice; and accordingly Matilda gave a scream that convinced the whole household, if not the whole neighbourhood, that she was alive; at the same time striking out with both arms and legs as if really swimming in what Hamlet calls 'a sea of troubles.'

"'Hold her arms,' exclaimed the father, advancing for the purpose; 'why the devil don't you lay her on the bed?'

"'The worst place in the world,' cried the milliner, interposing in dread of the proposed rumpling of the new dress. 'But gentlemen know nothing of these things,' she added, with a significant look at Mrs. Twigg, which said 'turn him out' as plainly as if it had come from the one-shilling gallery of a playhouse.

"'Mr. T—,' said the lady, taking the hint,

'you don't know what insensibility is. Leave her to us, poor dear! and I'll answer for her coming to directly you are out of the room.'

"As much as to say, ma'am,' retorted Twigg, angrily, 'that it's all "sham Abraham," and as such can recover as convenience dictates. But as I am a little solicitous, an early opportunity will oblige; not but what I think, at bringing to a daughter, a father might help as well as a mother;' and by way of proving his assertion, as he stalked out of the apartment, he closed the door with a slam that might have awakened the Seven Sleepers.

"No sooner was he gone than, as Mrs. Twigg had predicted, the patient actually unclosed her eyes, and her feelings regained a state of composure as suddenly and completely as when a whaler is dashed to pieces, and lulls the troubled surface of the waters with her whole cargo of oil."

After this comes an inquest scene, no less capitally hit off than the foregoing. We must break our vow of silence so far, as to tell our readers that one of Sir Mark Tyrell's sons comes to an untimely death, and that we know not where we should find anything in modern fiction, much finer than the workings of sorrow in his hale, jovial, but not vulgar-spirited father. Without being anything of a copy, it may be hung up as a companion picture to the latter days of Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone—with his "Nevvy," now that Thorne and all of them are dead, I am sorry that you cannot have her."

But to the inquest:—

"The coroner's inquest, involving an inquiry into the cause of any sudden termination of human life, is justly considered as one of our most important and valuable institutions, and accordingly its functions are commonly delegated to the most obtuse and ignorant members of the community. The rich and the intelligent have influence or tact enough to elude its duties, so that the inquisition generally devolves on some dozen of logger-headed individuals, who serve habitually as jurymen for the parish in which they may happen to reside. They follow as implicitly as a flock of sheep the lead of their foreman, whose opinion goes in the wake of the coroner's, like a boat in tow of a ship. The latter personage himself is sometimes little better than a Dogberry, furnished with a few technical terms and legal distinctions which enable him to direct the *Random Records of Visitations of God, Found Drowned, Wilful Murder, and Felo de se.*"

Of the coroner and the jury we have full-length portraits. Master Heath, Bully Heath, the arch-butcher of the village, is desirous of serving on the jury, but is silenced by the Squire of Hawksley:—

"A significant point of the finger was the only answer from the magistrate. Custom, it is said, reconciles us to all things, and Master Heath enjoyed the custom of Hawksley; he accordingly departed without a bleat, and, as he quietly made his exit, another personage entered, so like the bully in face and person, that it seemed as if the butcher in blue had only been exchanged for a butcher in black. The face of the new comer was quite as red and jovial as the bully's, his forehead as round and shining, his eyes as piggishly small, his nose as snub-nosed and clubblish, his mouth as like a slash in a beef-steak, with a chin as if he had played for it, and got a double. His body was equally burly with his prototype's, and his well-fatted calf was cased, like the other's, in a glossy top-boot, that aimed at taking the shine out of everything."

"Such was the coroner for —shire, and attorney withal, for he was placed on the Rolls

before the present high duty on indentures, which makes it a matter of more difficulty for an errand boy to succeed his employer, and stand in the shoes he formerly blacked. His promotion, however obtained, had been far from slow, and the rapidity of his rise seemed to have influenced his character. He bounced into the room, bobbed a hurried bow at the justice, threw himself into the appointed chair, and began dabbling the bill of a pen in the inkstand, with the eagerness of a duck's in a gutter. Whatever portion of time may be a jiffy, in half its usual space he had rubbed his bald head, blown his nose, and put on his spectacles, and then, at his best pace, began on a dozen topics at once, as if talking, not walking, a match against the celebrated Mr. Gurney. As far as the shortest of short-hand could collect, it ran thus:—

"Strange weather, gentlemen,—devilish dirty though! Dick, count the jury. Famous year for birds, they say,—shot seventeen brace myself. Foreman—eh,—Master Tablet? Sharp work, your worship, for one day: two visitations, a found drowned, and an accidental;—posting's unconsciously high,—Mr. Justice, you'll be at the Blue dinner?"

"I rather think not," said the Justice, in a dry tone.

"Sorry for it," resumed the inquisitor. "Capital dinners at the Eagle—very good house—wines excellent,—gentlemen, I needn't lay down—we've met before. Mr. Bundy, have patience—slow and sure. A very well proportioned room indeed,—very. Poor Sir Mark!—witnesses all in attendance Dick? (the clerk nodded.) It's a melancholy event,—hadn't we better open a window? Such a promising young man!—If you please we'll view—where's the body?—Gregory, show we'll view—jumping up from his chair, as if to pick up a child, or save the post, or catch a wasp, the coroner scuttled along the room, and trundled down stairs with his twelve satellites in his train. The domestics and the tenantry, with the common wish of seeing and hearing all they could, joined the procession, and the Justice and the Creole were left to themselves.

"Guided by the obsequious Gregory, the coroner and jury soon found themselves in the drawing-room, where the dead body, supported on tressels, awaited their inspection. * * * The coroner, to whom such sights were familiar, after a momentary glance, turned away to a window, and found his view in a prospect of the park. * * *

"Hic jacet," said the foreman solemnly, "what a melancholy memento of mortality; he must measure six feet."

"Aye, more nor that," said Mr. Benson, scanning the length with the critical eye of a carpenter, and in a moment his pocket-rule was travelling along the body, and the product was an inch and a half above the two yards.

"What matters feet and inches of flesh," exclaimed the loud, harsh voice of the Ranter, "all clay—potter's clay—pipe clay." * * *

"Here he was stopped by the coroner, with his usual hurry.

"Amen—amen,—better another time. Well gentlemen—what a beautiful room this is! A very fine corpse, eh!—poor young man—who carries snuff? Dr. Bellamy, you've examined the body?"

"I have had that pleasure," replied old Formality, with an instinctive bow to the corpse, which during its life, had once done him the honour to become his patient.

"Then, gentlemen," said the coroner, "all we have to do—" *

"Not till I have lifted up my voice," said the Ranter, "twenty coroners shan't prevent a word in season! no, nor twenty fiery dragons,—what's the use of death, if it ain't to be improved on?" * * *

"I say I've to sit on more bodies, and I can't trifl'e," said the coroner, raising his voice.

"And I says eternity first," said the pertinacious Ranter, "what's sitting on bodies, to sitting on souls? what can you say to that?"

"That souls will keep, and the bodies won't," answered the coroner. "Gentlemen, you've all viewed?—seen all you can see—follow me!—and, like an old Young Rapid he trotted off, followed by his company. * * *

"Well, gentlemen, you've seen the body,—warm weather, Mr. Justice, won't keep long,—Mr. Bundy, don't talk,—what's the time, Dick?—I forgot last night to wind-up,—very simple case, gentlemen: lies in small compass,—where's the witness?—Dick, swear in Mr. Walter Tyrrell."

The Creole took the book from the clerk with some emotion, and repeated an assenting "So help me God." He then proceeded to relate the occurrences of the evening up to the fatal discharge into the moving fern, suppressing only the verbal directions which he had himself given for the aim of the weapon.

"That will do, Sir," said the coroner; and he was adjusting himself to address the jury, when, after a suppressed remonstrance from the foreman, Mr. Jenkins, more untractable than Tablet had anticipated, persisted in putting a few questions to the witness.

"By your favour, Mr. Walter Tyrrell," was his first interrogation, "and I should wish you particularly to call to mind the circumstance, and to take time to consider before answering, Did he jump up a yard high, as they say people do when they are shot?"

"I saw nothing of the kind," answered the Creole.

"That is very odd," remarked the pompous Mr. Jenkins. "Perhaps you will be as good as inform, Sir, where he put his hand first,—his side, or his head, or his back? Some say feeling is in the spinal marrow, and some say in the heart, and others say in the brain."

"My observation was not so particular, Sir," said the Creole, with a look of annoyance.

"One more question, Sir," said the persevering Mr. Jenkins, "and I have done. Perhaps you could name the maker of the gun?"

"Pshaw—anybody you like, Sir," interrupted the impatient coroner. "Gentlemen, you've heard the witness—evidence very clearly given, —Dr. Bellamy will favour us with his post mortems."

The personage thus appealed to proceeded with great gravity, and a technical minuteness equally tiresome and revolting, to describe scientifically the complicated injuries the body had received, concluding with his decided mature professional opinion on oath, that the receipt of the united charges of a double-barrelled gun into the human chest would be sufficient to cause the death of the individual.

"Thank ye, doctor,—very clear," said the coroner. "Well, gentlemen, you have heard all—right lobe—left lobe—sternum—laceration—hemorrhage, and so forth—capital evidence—needn't read it over—Gregory, go and order my chaise—gentlemen, I am going to sum up. Here's a young gentleman—heir to a fine estate—an elder brother shot by a younger brother—shot by mistake for a rabbit. You must dismiss all prejudice, and so forth. Very ugly case—can't be two opinions. Gentlemen, you'll consult together—and if there's a doubt, you'll give the murderer a benefit,—Dick, take down the verdict."

A pause succeeded for some minutes: the twelve jurors turned round and buzzed together in a corner, like so many blue-bottles on a window-pane; and the voice of Mr. Trot at length arose above the rest.

"Fratercide, be d—d. I have heard of ho-

micide and suicide, and I'll take which of them sides you like.'

"Then there followed a fresh buzzing, during which Tablet convinced Messrs. Jenkins and Trot that there was but one way of being unanimous; that men of different opinions would never agree between this and doomsday; and that in such a case dinner must be postponed 'sine die.'

"'Gentlemen,' said the coroner, 'are you all agreeable?'

"'Very,' responded the foreman. 'We are all in favours of Wilful Murder.' ***

"Sound judgment—a right decision—very correct indeed. Poor Sir Mark Tyrell—it's a shocking thing for a father—Dick, make out a warrant—a strange thing, your worship, if the Blues should get their man in—Yellow used to walk over the course. I haven't had much shooting this season—I shall come some day, Mat, and look at your birds. By the bye, if you know of a good cocking spaniel—I like 'em oldish and slow, for I'm getting into that way myself—ready, eh, Dick?—there, give it to Gregory, and catch who can—it's forty pound. Your worship, I've the honour to say good day—good bye, gentlemen, you've done your duty,—Dr. Bellamy, your most obedient, —Mr. Walter, I'm yours. Look sharp, Dick, for I'm late for the Eagle,'—and, spurred by the anticipation of the election dinner, the coroner departed with an activity and speed that seemed purposely intended to distinguish him from his subjects—the quick from the dead. In fact, before the bowing head of Old Formality rose again to its perpendicular, the personage he intended to honour was out of sight. The stone-mason, emulating the example of the doctor, kept obsequiously ducking at the Justice, and the jurors copied every bend of their foreman as regularly as the crew of a cutter take the stroke from the steersman; after which ceremony they hustled out of the room as from a theatre when the performance is over."

By way of conclusion, we will introduce a few more of the dramatis personæ, whom we passed somewhat unceremoniously in our former notice. The first shall be the host and hostess of the Rabbits. This "diamond of the desert"

"Was kept by—for it did not keep—one Jonas Hanway, late coachman to Sir Theodore Bowles. Honest Jonas had lived so steadily and soberly all his life, that he could afford to take up the trade of making others unsteady and unsober; however, in obedience to his natural bent, he took the most retired public house he could find; and instead of a fine stroke of business in a desirable low hard-drinking neighbourhood, according to advertisement, was the proprietor of the snug genteel concern of the Rabbits, doing no better work. *** Its chief visitors were a set of village tradesmen, who spent their one sixpence or one shilling per night with a punctual regularity, most of them being members of a threepenny whist club, which held its sittings three times a week. By help of this, and a very little chance custom, Jonas contrived to keep in good credit with his brewer and distiller, and to carry on a concern, which, though it yearly swallowed up his small annuity in the funds, was so much to his liking, that he would not have taken a hundred pounds for the goodwill. *** His chief delight was in reading the newspaper, and especially the parliamentary debates; though, till the hour of his death, his parlour guests could never decide whether he was Whig or Tory, but each secretly believed that Jonas inclined to his own particular side. This seeming impartiality procured him the honourable situation of umpire to the whist club, till, having given contrary opinions

on every point of the game, the players at last preferred to refer their disputed cases to the summary arbitration of 'heads or tails,' for at that time there was no Dispatch or Bell's Life in London, to inform correspondents, 'whether if A held the ace of hearts, B was entitled to play the deuce of diamonds to C's nine of spades, which had fallen to D's ten of clubs.—A being a married man and the rest all bachelors.'

"So much for Jonas. Fortune seemed to have cast his lot amiss; as the world goes he made but a sorry sort of publican, but he would have made an excellent parish clerk. Mrs. Hanway, on the contrary, as an Irishwoman would say, seemed born a landlady, and the very worst of her faults, when tried at the bar, appeared of advantage to her character. Technically speaking, her temper was a little *pricked*, but its tartness proved of essential service to a mistress who had commonly to control a termagant cook and an obstreperous pot-boy. Besides, the temper of her husband, which was really drawn a little too mild, acted admirably as a counterpoise, or, as he used to express it himself, they made excellent 'half and half.'

Next follows a group of their stationary guests—a whist club:—

"Exactly as the clock struck eight, Mr. Tablet, the president of the whist-club, proposed to make a rubber: he was a grey-headed, weather-beaten man, with short legs and a tall body, which, in speaking, he swayed backwards and forwards with a mechanical motion, which hinted that though now a master mason, he had formerly sat in a sentry-box and played at saw-saw with a block of marble. Catching up the solitary pack of cards, and giving them a clumsy shuffle, and looking round the room, he addressed the members of his board of green cloth with—

"'Gentlemen, is any of you agreeable?'

"'For my parts, as nobody else speaks,' said a fat man with a thin voice, 'I've no objections in life to take hand, provided I'm wanted to make a fourth.'

"'That's two, then,' said Tablet, 'for in course, as president, I sets the first rubber a-going. How say you, Mr. Hands?'

"'Why you know,' said Mr. Hands, 'I seldom or never play, as ever since my fit I've impaired my memory, and am apt to revoke.'

"Mr. Benson and Mr. Walden were severally appealed to, as the forlorn hope of the rubber, when Mr. Benson 'was perfectly agreeable to anything, and to any pints they liked,' as was also Mr. Walden, the last man of the pack—but on the impracticable condition, that they should be excused cutting in till after the first two rubbers or so had been played out.

"'Such being the case,' said the president, 'I have nothing left for me to say, except *hic jacet*; and with these professional words, he deposited the pack like a miniature monument on the green baize.'

"After the foregoing ceremony, which, by the way, occurred with little variation of request or apology three times per week, this ghost of a whist-club subsided into a mere Wordsworthian 'party in a parlour' till at length a member volunteered a song, if such a phrase may be applied to a song which had served in the line for several years past. Those who have seen a small thread of table beer, with a natural shake of its own, issuing out of a nine-gallon cask, may form an idea of the slender warble that transpired from the fat man with a thin voice, in honour of the 'Maid of the Wallay.' Strange to say, weak as it was, it was vehemently encored, as if the auditors acted on the principle of the good man in the Scottish song,

Syne her tynpane chance to be sma'

We'll tak a good scour o't and ca't awa.'

We have dealt with 'Unlucky Joe' before. Betty the cook is no less an original,

and her resistance of her mistress's quacking propensities must be given. She was heard in the kitchen, rejoicing over the release of one from this world of suffering and physic, and, to the indignation of her mistress, responds thus pitifully:—

"'What I've said I've said,' answered the cook doggedly, 'and I ain't a going to eat my words—no nor the sick messes and slops nayther, if it comes to that. So if you mean, Ma'am, to hold me to my warnin, you may Ma'am. As for my own dyings, I only wonder I'm alive this blessed day, so I do—what with your quack doctoring and nostrums. They've been the real ruin of my precious health, that's what they have—the Lord forgive you!'

"'O the wretch!' ejaculated the indignant mistress, 'to have no more gratitude.—This comes of my nursing, and proscribing you, and giving it with my own hands—only last Christmas, and snatching you back from death's door.'

"Yes, Ma'am,—and well nigh chuckled me in agent at the window,' returned Betty, 'thro' giving me so such cooling physic in the hard frostes. My own mother that bore me would not have known such a bag of bones. *** I can't bear it no more, and so as I said before, if so be I'm to stay in the place, the physic must be put on the same futting as the tea and sugar—a guinea a year and find myself.'

"'You have never taken anything in this house,' retorted Mrs. Hanway, 'except for your good.'

"'I was noted from a child,' replied she, 'for a strong stomach, only it can't abide weak slops. Sago and sich is very well for the consumptions as lies in a sick bed, and hasn't got a hard place; but lawk help you, what's their works to mine, coughing and wheezing is one thing, and frying beef-steaks and inguns is another. If it warn't for my strong constitution, it's a miracle of miracles how I stand it—what with roast, and biled, and fried afore a great flaming fire, and in everlasting flurries and hurries, now this here pot biles over, then that ere fat ketches, and then the sut tumbles, and the dratted cat's at the drippin pan—and is a little wishy washy drop of barley water the thing to cool and refresh one after the likes o' that—not that I'm going, Ma'am, to complain of what I was bred and born to, but only to taking more slops, and especially physic, than belongs to cookery, and my wages not riz therby—to be sure the bottles would be summat, but arter one is doctored to death, who's to come to me up in heaven and say, there Betty, there's the empty vials for your parquises?'

With this magnificent specimen of kitchen eloquence, we must take our leave of 'Tyley Hall.' Its serious scenes have been less manageable than its grotesqueries, which suffer nothing from being detached from the framework of the story, in which they are set, and we have, therefore, not spoiled any by our mutilation. Mr. Hood has likened his own book to a comet—all we can say is, that we should be glad of a visit from such a 'fiery tad-pole' once every twelvemonth at least.

The Adventures of Kâmrûp—[Les Aventures de Kâmrûp]. Translated into French from the Hindustani, by M. Garcin de Tassy. Printed for the Oriental Translation Fund.

Dr. Young, Bishop of Clonfert, one of the most eminent mathematicians of the last century, made it a rule to read the Arabian Nights' Entertainments through at least once every year. In one of his letters which we have seen, he says, "though unacquainted

with the Arabic original, I feel convinced, by comparing the frame-work of the several stories, that the compiler has consulted several different collections of stories, and wrought them into one body. The voyages of Sindbad must surely have belonged to a collection differing from the Tales of Scheherazade." This guess has been confirmed by the researches of M. Langles; he has found a passage in the works of Massondi, written about A.D. 944, in which that historian speaks of the Thousand Tales as a work distinct from the Voyages of Sindbad, and adds, "they were translated from the Indian and Persian in the reign of Al Mansur;" that is, thirty years before the time of Haroun-al Raschid, who is now the hero of so many of the stories. If this express testimony were not sufficient to refute the claim of the Saracens to the invention of these delightful tales, we think that the historical blunders in the very opening of the work would prove that they came to the Arabians from an Indian original through a Persian medium. Schahriar, the Sultan of the Indies, is represented as a Mohammedan, as the brother of a Tartarian prince, and as a descendant of the Sassanid race of Persian kings. But the age incidentally ascribed to Schahriar is anterior to the preaching of Mohammed, and, of course, to the great Tartarian revolutions; and, finally, the Sasanides never invaded India, nor did they form any intimate connexion with the sovereigns of that country; and so far were any of them from being Mohammedans, that the entire race perished in a vain effort to resist the progress of Islam. The Sasanid name, on which the Arabian writers uniformly shower every possible abusive epithet, would not have been introduced by a Saracen writer; it must consequently have been by a Persian translator before the conquest of his country by the ferocious Omar.

The work before us supplies fresh evidence of the Indian origin of a great portion of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. It is a Hindustani narrative of perilous adventures similar to those of Sindbad, and has been clearly derived from the same source, for the coincidences between the "moving accidents by flood and field" that happen to Sindbad and to the companions of Kamrup, are too numerous and too minute to be accidental; for instance, Kamrup's adventure with the "old man of the sea" is word for word the same as Sindbad's. It seems to be no improbable conjecture, that the adventures both of Kamrup and Sindbad were founded on some collection of real voyages and travels, containing, of course, the usual allowance of travellers' wonders. Richard Hole, in his very curious dissertation on Sindbad's adventures, which he calls the Arabian Odyssey, has shown that most of the *speciosa miracula* in the narrative may be found in the Greek and Roman accounts of the remote East, and in the narratives of the travellers that visited Asia in the Middle Ages. Lucian incidentally informs us of one source of the misrepresentation so abundant in the Greek accounts of Asia: a historian of his day declared that the Parthians used to bring dragons in baskets when they took the field, and fling them in the faces of their enemies. The worthy historian had heard some very confused account of Parthian warfare, in which dragons were mentioned as a part of

the Parthian force—a dragon being the Parthian symbol and name for a battalion. Many of the strange stories told by Pliny and Solinus may probably have originated from similar misapprehension; and the authority of these naturalists misled the travellers in the Middle Ages.

Sir John Mandeville's name, like that of Mendez Pinto, is become a bye-word and a proverb; but, in his day, no one would have believed that he had visited the countries which he professed to have seen, had he not reported that he found there all the prodigies which Pliny had led him to expect. Many, too, of his asserted falsehoods have clearly originated in mistake; thus, for instance:

"There ben also in that contree a kynde of snayles, that ben so grete, that many persons may loggen hem in here schelles, as men wold done in a lityle hous." (p. 234.)

On referring to the Latin edition, we found that these *snayles* were called *testudines*; they were therefore tortoises, some of which are known to attain a very great size. There was one recently exhibited in the Regent's Park, whose shell would make a roof for a tolerably large watch-box, in which "persons may loggen as men wold done in a lityle hous."

Perhaps a more prolific source of error was the firm belief in certain popular theories, of which we happen to remember a very curious instance. It was held indisputable by the naturalists of the tenth and eleventh centuries, that man's physical constitution, and even his intellectual character, were modified by his food. Aegidius de Monte says, that the church wisely enjoins the use of fish in Lent, because that species of food "prohibet loquaciam" (prevents idle chattering)—fish being themselves proverbially mute. When Sir John Mandeville, therefore, heard of a people that ate serpents, he concluded that they must have something of a reptile character.

"In the countree of Yude the more, there is gret plente of neddes (adders), of whom men maken gret festes, and eten hem at gret sollemnynete. And he that makethe ther a feste, be it never so costisous, and have no neddes, he hath no thanke for his travayle.... Thei eten fleche of serpentes, and thei eten but littile, and thei speken nought, but thei hissen as serpentes don." (p. 248.)

We do not regard the adventures of Sindbad and Kamrup as imaginative fictions like those of Gulliver and Philip Quarles; they are rather the Robinson Crusoes of the East, and relate what was deemed possible, perhaps probable, in the age when they were written; and, viewed in this light, deserve to be investigated by all who are anxious to examine the progress of maritime discovery.

The tale of Kamrup is very similar to that of Camaralzaman and the Princess of China: the Prince of Oude and the Princess of Serendib (Ceylon) dream of each other on the same night; they are smitten with mutual affection; but not being able to discover the object of their love, they sink into a state of wasting misery that baffles the skill of the physicians. The fame of their mutual calamities spreads abroad, and they are thus brought acquainted with each other's name and residence. Kamrup sails from Bengal to seek the Singhalese princess; he and his companions are wrecked; they severally undergo most of the dangers which Sindbad

encountered singly; they are re-united at Serendib; Kamrup marries the Princess, and the tale terminates happily.

The adventures of Rasrang, the musician, have no parallel in the Arabian Nights; and we shall therefore, on a future occasion, give an abstract of them.

We have compared this work with 'The Loves of Camarupa and Camalata,' translated from a Persian abridgment of Kamrup by Colonel W. Franklin. The Persian compiler appears to have been a second-rate writer; he has omitted several of the most interesting details, and sadly distorted others; and he has contrived to lose altogether the poetic graces that adorn the Hindustani narrative.

Gratified as we have been by the perusal of this volume, we regret that we cannot dismiss it with unqualified praise. M. G. de Tassy has added a great body of notes, elucidating, not the translation which he has published, but the original which he is about to publish,—an arrangement, of which it is not easy to discover the wisdom. The romance would have been both more valuable and more interesting, if it had been illustrated by geographical and historical notes; more especially, if the adventures of Kamrup and his companions had been compared with the narratives of early European travellers.

THE ANNUALS FOR 1835.

Fisher's Drawing-room Scrap-Book, for 1835.—There is no deceit in the title of this book. Its plates are gathered from sundry works—Elliott's Views in the East,' 'Great Britain Illustrated,' 'The National Portrait Gallery,' and even one of the Annuals of former years, 'The Winter's Wreath,' have been laid under contribution. With regard to the illustrative verse, it is in Miss Landon's better manner; there is more care in the versification, less sentimentality in the thoughts, than formerly, and in so much do we find it improved. Still the impression produced upon us by this lady's poetry is always more or less unsatisfactory—what if we say that, fanciful and enriched as it is, it wants that sincerity of tone which, coming direct from the heart, can alone go direct to the heart—and the absence of which will prevent its taking a lasting hold on the public. For this reason, we like best the pieces most purely imaginative and descriptive: we shall give a specimen of the latter, which is a spirited illustration of an Eastern scene:—

I have a steed to leave behind
The wild bird, and the wilder wind :
I have a sword, which does not know
How to waste a second blow :
I have a matchlock, whose red breath
Bears the lightning's sudden death :
I have a foot of fiery flight,
I have an eye that cleaves the night.
I win my portion in the land,
By my high heart and strong right hand.
The starry heavens lit up the gloom
That lay around Al Herid's tomb ;
The wind was still, you might have heard
The falling leaf, the rustling bird :
Yet no one heard my footstep fall,
None saw my shadow on the wall ;
Yet curses came with morning light,
Where was the gold they hid at night ?
Where was the gold they loved so well ?
My heavy girde best could tell.

Three travellers crast by yonder shrine :
I saw their polished pistols shine,
And swore they were or should be mine,
The first, his head was at my feet ;
The second I was glad to greet ;

He met me like a man, his sword,
Damascus true, deserved its lord;
Yet soon his heart's best blood ran red:
I sought the third—the slave had fled.

Mr. Russel's music, announced as a new feature, is a blemish to the volume and not a beauty. But as it is agreeable to part from a book with pleasant word, we may say how much pleased we have been with the last poem of the collection—a new version of that sweetest of all fairy tales, 'Melusine,'—which had been recently revived in our memory by M. Mendelssohn Bartholdy's captivating and spiritual music.

Friendship's Offering for 1835.—This Annual contains some pretty plates—none, however, which can rank high as works of art. The letter-press, as heretofore, bears marks of having been collected by one of taste and talent. We have good stories by Miss Mitford, the author of 'London in the Olden Time,' and H. D. Inglis—so we have Mary Howitt's 'Beatrice,' a courtly and graceful companion to 'Tibbie Inglis,' though hardly so sweet as that mountain maiden—and almost the first things we encounter in the book are three poems from the hand of Barry Cornwall—the second of which we transfer to our columns—it being needless to say that they are all beautiful.

The Fate of the Oak.

The Owl to her mate is calling,
The River his hoarse song sings,
But the Oak is marked for falling.
That has stood for a hundred springs.
Hark! a blow,—and a dull sound follows;
A second,—he bows his head;
A third,—and the Wool's dark hollows
Now know that their King is dead.

His arms from the trunk are riven,—
His body all barked and squared,—
And he's now, like a felon, driven,
In chains to the strong dock-yard.
He's sawn through the middle, and turned,
For the ribs of a frigate free,
And he's caulked, and pitched, and burned,
And now—he is fit for sea!

Oh! now—with his wings outspread
Like a ghost (if a ghost may be!)
He will triumph again, though dead,
And be dreaded in every sea.
The lightning will blaze about,
And wrap him in flaming pride,
And the thunder-loud cannon will shout
In the fight, from his bold broadside.

And when he has fought,—and won,
And been honoured from shore to shore,
And his journey on Earth is done,
Why, what can he ask for more?
There is sought that a king can claim,
Or a poet, or warrior bold,
Save a rhyme, and a short-lived name,
And to mix with the common mould!

The New Year's Token, or, a Christmas Present.—This is the first season of a sort of compromise-book, that is to say, for the use of those who are a little past childhood, and not quite grown gentlemen and ladies. Now, one characteristic of the times we live in, has been stated to be the utter extinction of this class—and if it be true that there is no intermediate state between chrysalis and butterfly, such a miscellany was not wanted. Another reason for our pronouncing such an opinion is the utter insipidity of its contents. Its plates have figured in other books—Adam in Paradise, with the large melons beside him, has already done duty twice that we know of—and as for its letter-press, two pages from Mrs. Watts's or Mrs. Hall's really delightful Juvenile Annuals, are worth all that it contains, ten times over.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'View of the Origin and Migrations of the Polynesian Nation,' by J. D. Lang, D.D.—A Preface stating why a book should not have been written, or at least published, is rather a startling novelty. Dr. Lang informs us that he had little personal knowledge of the subject he has undertaken to discuss; that, on shipboard, he had no opportunity of examining books, and that more important avocations prevented him, when in London, from availing himself of the library of the British Museum. Having thus established his own incompetency, he proceeds to investigate this question of ethnography with as much confidence as if he had before him the most full and satisfactory evidence, and gravely says, that "he will enable the reader to answer to his own entire satisfaction a question which has hitherto remained unanswered since the days of Columbus." He has not, however, enabled us to answer the question. With only such data before us, as hurried memoranda of information obtained in casual conversations, plausible guesses, and quotations from very common books, we are not able to pronounce any opinion on "the origin and migrations of the Polynesian nation." The inhabitants of these islands may have been Malays, or Tartars, or Hindoos, for ought that has been established by Dr. Lang; and as the question itself possesses neither interest nor importance, we willingly leave it to rest in obscurity. We regret that Dr. Lang should so soon have perilled the fame fairly due to his excellent account of New South Wales, by permitting himself to be seduced into the publication of this volume.

'Sir Walter Scott's Prose Works. Vol. VI.'—This volume of the new edition contains the Essays on Chivalry, Romance, and the Drama, contributed by their lamented author, to the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica. As the labours of his life are thus collected set before us, it is impossible to avoid again and again, marvelling at the number of works which his hand found time to execute, and admiring the good-will with which all seem to have been completed. It was this beautiful and cheerful earnestness of his mind which gave to his style a charm which it will be long before we see equalled. The frontispiece to this volume is a view of Jerusalem; the vignette shows us Shakspeare's monument in the church of Stratford-upon-Avon.

'The Natural Influence of Speech in raising Man above the Brute Creation.'—Careless readers,

a very numerous class, might be inclined to throw down this volume as a collection of trite truisms, strung together with very little regard to logical order, and disfigured by an affectation of fine writing. But a careful investigation has shown us, that the work contains some curious novelties which merit attention; for example, we are informed in the very first page, that "Man in a natural state is intelligent and noble;" a little startling perhaps, to such philosophers as have hitherto been of opinion, that a state of nature is synonymous with savage life; but our author proceeds, "by a natural state, I mean that condition in which his bodily and mental powers are improved," whence it indubitably follows, that a natural state and a state of nature are very different things. The following too is curious, and deserves to be generally known: "The bones of birds are employed by the savage for many useful purposes, and so are the bones of quadrupeds;" whether they use the flesh of these animals we are not informed. We are told, that "Brutes possess innate ideas;" the only proof given is, that they possess the faculty of memory, a species of proof that will be considered a novelty in psychology.

In describing the progress of society, our author informs us that, "Sea-port towns will be estab-

lished for the convenience of foreign trade, and inland towns for the convenience of agriculturists and mechanics," that is to say, sea-ports are close to the sea, and inland towns are at a distance from it. Another piece of novel information is to be met with in the history of the uneducated savage; "he searches," it appears, "for food when he is hungry, for water when he is thirsty, and he sleeps when he is drowsy." We blush to confess, that we are not ourselves many degrees removed from savages. Of the author's theology we can afford but one specimen: "There is," he says, "a great deal of mystery in the Divine Government." The writer has been pleased to account for the astonishment with which the critics will peruse his volume, by telling us, that "Wonder arises from novelty acting on ignorance;" this, to be sure, is not easily reconciled with a subsequent statement, that "an ignorant man goes on generally without examining or wondering at anything," but then we console ourselves with his assurance, that, "strange as it may be, the most scientific wonder the most frequently." Having given specimens enough of reasoning, we conclude with style:—"The mind of man without the ennobling influence of speech, is like the worm which grovels on the earth; but with this faculty, it is like the same creature which, furnished with wings, and arrayed in gorgeous colours, dares to crawl upon the ground while there is a glorious heaven spread above it, and an ocean of light in which it can bask, and dew-drops, richer to it than nectar, which it can sip, and honey on which it can feed; it rises, therefore, it plumes its beautiful wings, and makes them glitter in the golden fluid pouring from the noonday luminary."

'The Art of Being Happy, chiefly from the French of M. Droz, by Bourne Hall Draper.'—This little work has already received a notice from our hands; the present edition is in part a reprint of the American one.

'Cabinet Edition of the Bible.'—This beautiful volume, published by Mr. Van Vorst, is illustrated with views by W. Westall, and historical subjects from the more celebrated pictures of ancient and modern masters. The work cannot with propriety be classed with the Annals, though it resembles those butterfly volumes in beauty, because it is for all time; but it will be an admirable Christmas or birth-day present, and we recommend those who desire to gladden the eyes and hearts of their young friends, to look at it before they decide on purchasing any other.

'Aislabie's Gospel of St. Matthew.'—This is a more literal translation than the authorized version; a few notes are added of such merit, that we regret their rarity; all the author's remarks display a liberal spirit, and a cultivated mind.

'Kenrick's Introduction to Greek Prose Composition.'—This work is well arranged; the examples are chosen from the best Greek writers, the rules are accurate, and stated in perspicuous language; and the classical student will find that the exercises here given will lead him with little labour into an intimate acquaintance with the structure of the Greek language.

'Reymann's Introduction to the German Language.'—This is a valuable addition to our list of school-books: the arrangement is judicious, the rules concise and clearly expressed, the examples selected with considerable taste. The controversies in the preface should have been omitted.

'Allison's Lessons in English Grammar, Third Edition.'—The sale of the two preceding editions, is the best proof of this little work having been found useful in infant education.

'P. Murphy's Weather Guide-book.'—In the 90th page of this volume it is stated, that "almost everything depends on lunar action";—the book itself is a proof of the aphorism.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

THE COLUMBUS.

BY J. SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

[The following lines were written by Mr. Knowles, during his recent passage from Liverpool to New York.]

Ye mariners that boldly ride
The broad Atlantic wave,
I sing of gallant ships the pride,
A vessel staunch as brave!
The darling of her hardy crew,
A sea-gull under sail!
Close-haul'd, or free, or lying-to,
Or flying 'fore the gale.

'Twas on the 6th of August, she
The British channel clear'd,
The wind a-head—how readily
She stayed, how close she steer'd!
And bow, with scarce a breath on deck,
A ripple on the seas,
As goodly way she seemed to make
As others with a breeze!

I watch'd her when the gale was on,
The heavens with might o'ercast,
Her cross-jack yard—main-top-sail gone,
And fore-top-gallant mast!
A span her bright horizon now,
So huge the billow grew,
Yet how she topp'd the mountain!—how
She rode the tempest through!
I saw her scud—the rattling wind,
The more it raged, the more
She flung the following wave behind,
And spurned the wave before;
Yet, smooth as inland banks, that spread
No sail, obey no tide,
Her way the lonely vessel sped,
In dark and lonely pride!

God speed the ship Columbus! may

Her star-bright pennant shine

A broad, at home, for many a day

The boast of all the Line!

God speed thy noble Captain!—Land

I dare defy, or sea,

To find an able to command,

Or kindlier man than he.

September 10, 1834.

REGISTER OF ATMOSPHERICAL PHENOMENA
AND THE TEMPERATURE OF THE SEA.

BY SIR J. F. W. HERSCHEL.

[The following Observations were made by this distinguished Philosopher on his late voyage, and are extracted, with permission, from a letter dated "Feldhausen, near Weyberg, Cape of Good Hope, July 7, 1834," addressed to Captain Horsburgh, Hydrographer to the Hon. East India Company.]

Our voyage was that doubtless a seaman would call dull and tame. We were handed over regularly from one fair wind to another, pursuing, almost to a nicely of coincidence, the line marked in your charts as the 'best probable track from England to India'—as far as Trinidad, where we turned the corner a little more abruptly than your line, keeping within, or north of it, and making, in fact, straight for the Cape. In so doing we still (with only about thirty-six hours exception) had uninterrupted favourable wind—and that exception was in fact so trifling, as hardly to deserve the name of an interruption. We saw no land the whole voyage, and it was particularly gratifying to receive a comfortable verification of astronomical theories, by seeing the Table Mountain right a-head on the morning of the 15th January, having gone to bed the night before with an assurance *from the moon* that such would be the case.

The Meteorological conclusions which result from such observations as I was able to make, are as follows:—

1. There is between the Tropics, and especially at the Equator, a permanent depression of the barometer below what exists beyond the Tropics in both hemispheres. The amount of

this depression I estimate at two-tenths of an inch, and although it was with great difficulty that any barometric observations could be made, and my attention was only drawn to the fact when we had already reached the Line, by noticing the general march of the few observations I had set down; yet, finding the atmospheric pressure recovering again as we proceeded, by the same degrees as it had diminished, I have not a doubt on my mind as to the general fact, especially as we had no storms nor violent weather of any kind the whole way.

2. The temperature of the sea rose with extreme regularity till we reached 4° N. latitude, where it attained its maximum; which, on the average of six days and nights observation, about the 6th Dec., was 81° 7° Fahr.

3. The temperature (in accordance with Dr. Davy noticed in his voyage to Ceylon, and what perhaps has been elsewhere recorded,) sinks materially on near approach to land. This will best be seen by looking down the annexed Table, which contains our longitudes, latitudes, temperatures, and pressures, for every day of our voyage.

Date.	Lat. at Noon.	Long. at Noon.	Min. Therm. preced. Night.	Max. Therm. in Day.	Temp. of Sea at Noon.	Barom. at or near Noon.	Barom. in dec.
Nov.	<i>North.</i>	<i>West.</i>					
14	49° 24'	5° 0' E.					
15	49° 4	30					
16	49° 30	8 13					
17	47° 51	10 15					
18	46° 5	12 20					
19	44° 14	13 20					
20	41° 38	15 27		63.4			
21	38° 56	16 54	63.9	59.2			
22	35° 58	18 8	62.9	62.6			
23	33° 20	19 0	63.2	63.1		29.90	
24	30° 47	19 56	64.4	70.1		29.96	
25	27° 53	21 0	65.4	68.1		—	
26	25° 7	22 49	66.6	69.1		—	
27	22° 7	24 6	68.1	70.4		30.06	
28	18° 51	25 58	71.4	74.6	75.1	30.00	
29	15° 57	25 44	—	70.3	76.9	—	
30	13° 37	24 40	74.4	76.3	78.5	—	
Dec.							
1	11 13	22 55	73.5	78.8	78.9	—	
2	9 8	21 50	77.4	81.8	81.0	—	
3	7 7	21 10	76.4	80.8	81.3	—	
4	6 12	20 10	76.4	82.1	82.6	—	
5	5 44	21 5	76.2	81.0	81.5	—	
6	4 20	20 40	75.8	81.8	82.2	—	
7	3 53	20 56	78.4	81.8	82.0	—	
8	3 18	21 8	73.4:1	82.8	81.6	29.76	
9	2 53	21 50	73.7	83.0	81.7	29.80	
10	2 25	22 17	77.4	83.8	81.5	29.81	
11	1 15	23 17	79.4	82.8	81.2	29.84	
	<i>South.</i>						
12	0 15	24 30	77.4	82.8	80.2	29.79	
13	1 57	25 59	78.5	81.1	79.9	—	
14	3 47	27 7	77.2	80.9	79.8	—	
15	5 45	28 4	77.9	80.3	79.1	—	
16	8 7	28 51	76.9	80.1	78.8	29.86	
17	10 22	29 24	75.7	79.0	78.6	29.87	
18	12 48	30 8	75.5	77.9	78.1	29.86	
19	15 25	30 33	73.4	78.8	78.4	—	
20	17 51	30 33	76.4	78.7	78.7	29.94	
21	20 6	30 13	76.0	78.0	78.5	30.01	
22	22 1	29 30	75.5	78.8	79.5	30.01	
23	23 30	28 54	75.5	78.9	78.9	29.95	
24	24 37	26 40	74.9	77.6	77.5	29.93	
25	25 39	24 20	75.4	77.8	77.4	—	
26	26 24	22 6	73.6	76.8	77.3	—	
27	27 9	19 16	73.6	77.0	76.1	29.92	
28	27 51	16 32	73.4	77.8	77.4	29.94	
29	28 8	14 36	71.6	79.0	78.3	—	
30	28 27	13 26	70.1	78.3	77.5	29.95	
31	29 0	11 26	74.2	77.8	75.9	—	
	<i>East.</i>						
1	29 27	9 10	73.5	—	76.5	29.95	
2	28 27	6 47	—	73.0	74.0	29.95	
3	29 18	7 12	68.0	72.0	72.5	30.08	
4	30 40	6 50	67.4	72.8	72.6	30.12	
5	31 30	4 49	65.4	73.5	71.0	30.09	
6	32 19	2 42	63.4	73.0	70.2	—	
7	32 58	0 10	65.9	73.8	67.5	29.81	
8	33 24	3 38	58.4	65.0	67.5	29.91	
9	32 38	4 54	62.0	65.6	67.0:1	30.01	
10	33 39	6 57	62.4	69.3	66.5	30.09	
11	33 0	9 37	63.4	71.2	65.1	—	
12	34 16	11 40	65.9	66.6	64.2	29.91	
13	34 35	14 42	63.9	69.6	70.5	29.83	
14	34 11	16 48	—	70.8	68.3	—	
	Off Table Bay		54.9	—	59.5	—	

The fluctuation of the temperature of the sea, from longitude 9° 37' to the Table Bay is

remarkable as contrasted with its regular progress during the rest of the voyage, and is rendered more striking by the observations (omitted above) of morning and evening—as follows:

S. Lat. Noon.	W. Long. Noon.	Sea Temperature at 9 A.M.	3 P.M.	9 P.M.
11	33 0	9 37	65.2	66.1
12	34 16	11 49	64.1	64.2
13	34 35	14 42	68.3	69.3
14	34 11	16 48	67.5	68.3
15	Off Table Bay	68.5	58.1

This remarkable variation seems attributable to the joint effect of an eddy current setting round the Cape Agulhas, and to the shoaling of the water.

UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE OF
LORD NELSON.

[Continued from p. 749.]

We resume our notice of Nelson's glorious career, with his appointment to the *Agamemnon*, in January 1793. His ship was immediately ordered to the Mediterranean under Lord Hood; and the first act which followed the arrival of the fleet on that station, was a negotiation with the people of Toulon, and possession being taken provisionally of the port and city. "Before the British fleet entered," says Southeby, "Nelson was sent with dispatches to Sir Wm. Hamilton, our envoy at the Court of Naples"—a fated introduction, it would seem, from subsequent events; though at that time Nelson is said to have seen in Lady Hamilton nothing but "a young woman of amiable manners, who was exceedingly kind to Josiah," (Mrs. Nelson's son by Dr. Nisbet). It was during this visit that the following letter was written:—

"Naples, Sept. 14th, 1793.

"My dear Sir,—I am here with news of our most glorious and great success; but, alas! the fatigue of getting it has been so great that the fleet generally, and I am sorry to say, my ship most so, are knocked up. Day after day, week after week, month after month, we have not been two gun shots from Toulon. Famine has accomplished what force could not have done; not a boat has got into Toulon since our arrival, and we literally starved them into a surrender. The news here was received with the greatest satisfaction. The King was so anxious to hear of our success that he came afloat, and sent to me. He is to make me a visit on board to-morrow and then I dine with him. I have already been to Portici with him. The Prime Minister (who is an Englishman), Sir John Acton, Bart., makes much of us. We are called the preservers of Italie. I am to carry the handsomest letter that can be penned in the King's own hand to Lord Hood, and six thousand Neapolitan troops to assist in preserving our possession. Please to send the enclosed to Mrs. Nelson. Remember me kindly to Mrs. Suckling, Miss Suckling, and the Gentlemen; and believe me,

"My dear Sir,

"Your most affectionate,

"HORATIO NELSON."

"William Suckling, Esq."

His next service (for it was Nelson's good fortune never to be condemned to the inactivity which he dreaded worse than death,) was to join Commodore Linzee at Tunis, who had been sent thither on a mission of remonstrance to the Dey. Whilst on his voyage he discovered five sail of the enemy off Sardinia, and, alone, gave chase to them. One of them he so severely crippled, that, in spite of their great superiority of force, the rest permitted the *Agamemnon* to proceed on her way unmolested. The next letter we shall give must have been written during this cruise:

"*Agamemnon*, off Corsica.
"October 11th, 1793.

"My dear Sir—I may possibly meet a vessel bound to Leghorn, when I may send this letter. Yesterday I spoke a ship from Gibraltar, by whom I got your letter of 26th of July—the only one I have received since I left England; and I may not be in the way for some time to come of getting any. When you favour me with a letter, direct it to the care of Mr. Udny, Consul at Leghorn; and I believe some part of the postage must be paid in London. I am on my way to Sardinia, and then have secret orders. If anything is to be got, I stand a fair chance. I was very few days in Toulon. The service for those landed is warm. On the 8th, at night, a very handsome action took place, commanded by a Lieutenant in the Navy, and 450 men, in which 150 of the enemy were killed, taken, or wounded, 3 mortars and 5 twenty-four pounders destroyed. The enemy possess the heights, from which shot and shells are continually thrown into the harbour. When the English troops from Gibraltar arrive to head the columns something very decisive will be undertaken. The lord is very much pleased with my conduct about the troops at Naples, which I undertook without any authority whatever from him, and they arrived at Toulon before his requisition reached Naples. Only yesterday he told me he would make Suckling a Lieutenant as soon as possible. I think he will not be many weeks in the *Victory*. Our force now at Toulon, on shore, is twelve thousand five hundred men, and before November is out, will be 30,000, when the whole of this country will fall to us, for they hate the Convention. The white flag is flying in all the ships and forts, under which we fight on shore. My health never was better than at present, as is Josiah's; but I cannot but feel uneasy at the accounts you give me of Mrs. Nelson. I wish she was comfortably fixed in a house or good lodgings, in a place she liked; but I hope, and indeed believe, she will recover herself at Kentish Town, where I am certain every kind attention will be shown her. The Spaniards behave so infamously that I sincerely wish not one ship or soldier was in Toulon: they will do nothing but plunder and cut the throat of poor wretches who have surrendered to the British. Remember me in the kindest manner to Mrs. Suckling, Miss Suckling, and Horace. Best comp't. to Mr. Rumsey and family.

"Believe me, dear Sir,
"Your affectionate
"HORATIO NELSON."

Our negotiation with the Dey proved unsuccessful—the French having made their cause good with him.

Early in the next year, 1794, we find Nelson at the head of a small squadron off Bastia, having been dispatched to Corsica for the assistance of General Paoli and the Anti-Galllican party. His energy and activity on this station were indefatigable (our readers will find in the sequel an account from his own pen), and his services important in proportion. He burnt the only storehouse of flour on the island possessed by the French—kept out all their supplies—intercepted their despatches. In the midst of such harrassing operations he wrote the following letters.

"*Agamemnon*, off Bastia,
"March 1, 1794.

"My dear Sir—We are still in the busy scene of War—a situation in which I own I feel pleasure, more especially as my actions have given great satisfaction to my Commander in Chief. The blocking up of Corsica he left to me: it has been accomplished in the most complete manner—not a boat got in, or a single soldier landed, although 8000 men were embarked at Nice. On the 7th of Feb^r. Lord Hood took the

‡ Mr. Suckling's residence.

command off St. Fiorenzo, and I went off Bastia. We have had active service: four times I have been on shore with the troops, always successful, and induced all the Corsicans in this port to declare for us. The French kept them in great awe by quartering troops in every village. On the 23rd February we went against Bastia merely to reconnoitre: it turned into a battle, which lasted one hour and three quarters. I had the *Romulus* and *Tartar* frigates with me; we had a strong force against us; but the fire from *Agamemnon* was so strong and close, that the enemy ran from their guns, and only fired when we were past. We totally destroyed a battery of six guns just without the town. The Army is within four miles of Bastia. As soon as they are ready to act, I have no doubt Bastia will very soon be taken, although the enemy have 62 guns mounted, besides mortars. Your picture of Bastia is very like, only adding a citadel. We did the enemy great damage, as we learn from a Dane who had been with a cargo of corn, but who was glad to get away. Lord Hood is just arrived, but has not brought an older Captain than myself with him. I am to anchor and act with the Army. Maurice Suckling is not yet made a Lieutenant, but, I hope, will in time. Promotion is very slow, now Toulon is lost; and the additional Lieut^t. being taken away from the small ships, will make it the longer before it comes to his turn, as they are to be put into ships as vacancies happen. I should be glad he was made. Your letters give me great pleasure; and, I hope, when you feel leisure, you will indulge me by writing. The French have got three sail of the line in the outer road of Toulon ready for sea—proof that all their stores were not burnt. I beg you will give my kindest remembrances to Mrs. Suckling, Miss Suckling, and all your family. Best respects to Mr. Rumsey and family, who, I hope, are all well. I shall be very glad to shake you all again by the hand. Believe me

"Your most affectionate
"HORATIO NELSON."

"*Agamemnon*, off Bastia,
"March 18th, 1794.

"My dear Sir—I shall begin by saying what has given me pleasure, and I am sure will you, that Lord Hood has made Suckling a Lieutenant—I trust he will be confirmed.

"We are still blocking up Bastia; the attack of which has been given up in a most extraordinary manner; what might, if it had not now met the sanction of men of science, have been deemed a most impudent observation, viz. that Bastia, from a place I had found on a much closer examination than our General Dundas, could be attacked to great advantage, I wrote Lord Hood requesting an Engineer and Artillery Officer might be sent to examine. To-day I have been with them, and their report is most favourable for an attack. Our weather is now but indifferent; but hitherto I have so close blocked up the place, that one pound of coarse bread sells for three livres. If the army will not take it we must, by some way or other. General Dundas has quitted the command, differing in opinion with Lord Hood. I have really nothing new to tell you; day after day we remain in the same state. Pray remember me to Mrs. Suckling, and kindly to Miss Suckling and all your family; and don't forget me to Mr. Rumsey and family. Believe me

"Your most affectionate
"HORATIO NELSON."

"*Camp near Bastia*, April 6th, 1794.

"My dear Sir—Not knowing where Mrs. Nelson is, I shall trouble you to send my letter. You see by my date where we are, and hope in due time we shall be in Bastia. Our army is still at Fiorenzo, nor can the General be induced to move. Col. Villette commands the troops

and marines landed from the fleet. What my situation is, is not to be described. I am every thing, yet nothing ostensible—enjoying the confidence of Lord Hood and Colonel Villette, and the Captains landed with the seamen obeying my orders. We have been landed two days compleat; are within 700 yards of the outworks, and 1800 of the Citadel. Our Battery will open in about 2 days, of 8 24-pounders and 8 mortars. I have little doubt of our success; and if we do, what a disgrace to the Fiorenzo wiseheads!—if we do not, it can only be owing to their neglect in not attacking the place with us. Lord Hood has only just sent to tell me of the opportunity for England. Pray remember me to Mrs. Suckling, Miss Suckling, and family, Mr. Rumsey, and all friends; and believe me,

"Your most affectionate
"HORATIO NELSON."

"William Suckling, Esq."

In the midst of this sharp service we find him boasting "that his seamen were invincible, and minded shot no more than peas"; and again, in a letter of later period (the 2nd of August), "Hallowell and myself" says he, "are always on the batteries with them, and the Jacks don't mind it." It was no wonder that, thus encouraged, his crew should become almost invincible. It is interesting, too, in these same letters, to advert to his handsome and repeated notices of young Hoste, whether in remembrance of the after career of that gallant officer, or as illustrative of the generous eagerness which Nelson always showed in distinguishing merit.

So pressed, Bastia was sure to yield; and it must not be forgotten that Nelson attacked it although the extreme numerical inferiority of our forces was known to him, and purposely kept secret, as will appear by these letters. No sooner was its reduction accomplished, than the *Agamemnon* was summoned to accompany Lord Hood in quest of the French Fleet, which it was rumoured had sailed from Toulon. For once they escaped, getting safely into Gourjane Roads; and Nelson returned to assist General Sir Charles Stuart in the siege of Calvi. Our next letter gives us his own account of these matters, and was written a few days after the loss of his eye. How light he made of this loss will be seen in the letters quoted by Clarke. They are full of feeling for his comrades' sufferings, but treat his own as trifles. "My eye (thus he concludes one of them) is almost in total darkness, but never mind, I can see very well with the other."

"Calvi, Camp, July 16th, 1794.

"My dear Sir—it is a little age since I have had the pleasure of hearing from you. A letter would give me real pleasure, and to say you are all well—I hear Captain Suckling is gone abroad, where I am sure he will acquit himself with honour to himself and friends, amongst which I hope I am considered in the strongest degree. To an officer, I feel, and assure you he does, that an opportunity to distinguish ourselves is our greatest happiness. What pleasure must those who are dear to us feel in reading of a gallant officer's conduct!

"I don't doubt but your son will return safe, and with every credit which an officer can receive—that he may, I most sincerely wish.

"You will probably have heard that I am landed here, although every person sees how much I am put in the back-ground at Bastia; yet my zeal for the honor of my country ought not to abate. On the 7th ult^r. our battery opened. Captⁿ. Serocold of the Navy was killed on the 10th. You will be surprised when I say I was wounded in the head by stones from the merlon of our battery. My right eye is cut entirely down; but the surgeons flatter me I shall not entirely lose my sight of that eye. At present I can distinguish light from dark, but no object: it confined me one day, when, thank

God! I was enabled to attend to my duty. I feel the want of it; but such is the chance of war, it was within a hair's breadth of taking off my head. Lord Hood and myself were never better friends,—nor, although his letter does, did he wish to put me where I never was—in the rear. Captⁿ. Hunt, who lost his ship, he wanted to push forward for another—a young man who never was on a battery, or ever rendered any service during the siege: if any person ever says he did, then I submit to the character of a story-teller. Poor Serocold, who fell here, was determined to publish an advertisement, as he commanded a battery under my orders. The whole operations of the siege were carried on through Lord Hood's letters to me. I was the mover of it—I was the cause of its success. Sir G. Elliot will be my evidence, if any is required. I am not a little vexed, but shall not quarrel. We shall be successful here; and a stranger and a landsman will probably do me that credit which a friend and Brother Officer has not given me. Best regards to every good friend.

"Believe me your most affectionate
"William Suckling, Esq." "H. NELSON."

It was on the occasion of finding that his name was not mentioned in the *Gazette*, giving an account of these important services, that he uttered the memorable prophecy, "*he would one day have a Gazette of his own.*"

The *Agamemnon* was, ere long, dispatched to Genoa, Nelson being intrusted with dispatches for Mr. Drake. He foresaw that there would be no probability of withstanding the entrance of the French into Italy, and appears to have wished for peace to be concluded on fair terms. About this time Lord Hood had returned to England to solicit reinforcements, and the command in the Mediterranean devolved upon Admiral Hotham. The following letters require no further explanation:—

"*Agamemnon*, Genoa Mole, Sept. 20th, 1794.

"My dear Sir.—*Agamemnon* is still on the wing, and will not rest, most probably, till she gets into Portsmouth, which I hope will be no great length of time, as Lord Hood is inclined to take me home with him, and turn us into a good 74; for although I have been offered every 74 which has fallen vacant in this country, yet I could not bring myself to part with a ship's company, with whom I have gone through such a series of hard service, as has never before, I believe, fallen to the lot of any one ship. We are sent here to keep peace and harmony with Genoa; and I believe none has been injured by the blockade but ourselves; for I am assured here it never was felt; for all ships which did not escape the vigilance of our cruisers went into the neighbouring ports, and small vessels carried their cargoes along shore, the underwriters paying the expenses. The breaking the neutrality of the Port in small states must ever be impolitic in the English, as we have more to lose by such a conduct than any other nation. The taking the frigate was useless to us, and gave the French party here great cause to complain of us. Our forcing the Tuscans into a war, was, in my opinion, equally impolitic. The Italian states must be claimed when the French turn their thoughts towards Italy; and, if you will allow them, will all unite against their common plunderers. Genoa is too rich and magnificent to allow (if anger does not get the better of their interest,) the Sans Culottes to enter their city. This is an aristocratical government, and therefore must be subverted instantly. I am the first ship here since our hostilities, and believe they are inclined to be civil. I beg my best compliments to Mrs. Suckling, Miss Suckling, and family; and I hope Captain Suckling was well when you heard last from him—don't forget me at Hampstead. Believe me

"Your most affectionate
"HORATIO NELSON."

"*Agamemnon*, Leghorn, October 31st, 1794.

"My dear Sir.—Being driven back to this port last night by a gale of wind, I got Mrs. Nelson's letter, dated from Kentish Town. Your kindness to her will never be forgotten by me; and to Mrs. Suckling and Miss Suckling I feel infinitely obliged. I shall only tell you—what may not be believed in England—that the French have put together a fleet at Toulon; which could hardly be credited. Although many of them are old, yet they have fitted them well enough for an action, if it should be necessary. I send you a list of them on the other side. We don't seem to make much of the war. Our allies are our burden. Had we left the Continent to themselves, we should have done well, and at half the expense. The gale moderates, and I am just going to get under weigh again. Believe me, with every affectionate wish and regard,

"Your obliged
"HORATIO NELSON."

"I beg to be kindly remembered to every part of your family; comp^t. to Mr. Mentz.

"*Sans Culotte*, 120, *Tonnant*, 80, *Du Quesne*, 74, *Commerce de Bourdeaux*, 74, *Generoux*, 74, *Censeur*, 74, *Heureux*, 74, four frigates, one corvette, in Gourjean Bay; *Languedoc*, 80, *Ca Ira*, 80, *Conquerant*, 74, *Guerrier*, 74, *Mercure*, 74, two frigates, and schooners, in the outer road of Toulon, and ready for sea; *Barras*, 74, *Souverain*, 74, *Alcide*, 74, are ready for sea in the inner harbour, and two new frigates; *Hardi*, 64, guardship, at Toulon."

"*Agamemnon*, Leghorn, Nov. 28th.

"My dear Sir.—Perhaps you will say, I am but little obliged for this letter, as it encloses one for my dear wife; but I believe you will give me credit for writing as often as my situation will admit. I shall tell you our news, which will soon be interesting. Matters are fast drawing to a crisis in this country. Our transports, which have been detained at Toulon, since they carried over the garrison of Calvi, were liberated on the 20th Nov.; their sails, which had been taken from them, being sent on board, and 16 hours allowed them to depart. Not a man was allowed to go on shore during their stay; and the answers of Jean Bon St. André were insolent in the highest degree, to modest and proper requests. He sent a message to Lord Hood, not knowing of his departure, that, if he sent any more flags to the port of the mountain, he would burn the vessels. They have 15 sail of the line ready for sea, with which they say they will fight our fleet. Now, as Admiral Hotham is gone off Toulon with 13 sail of the line, they may if they please. I am, as you will believe, uneasy enough, for fear they will fight, and *Agamemnon* not present: it will almost break my heart; but I hope the best—that they are only boasting at present, and will be quiet till I am ready. The Admiral will return here, and I hope to be ready to accompany him the next time he goes to sea: it is misery for me to be laid up dismantled. Our friends in Corsica think the French intend them a visit. I am of a different opinion from the whole fleet, army, and viceroy. Port Specia is their object, I am convinced; and, if they get it, they will plague us more than ever. They have 7 sail of the line on the stocks at Toulon, which will all be launched next March, when they will have 22 sail of the line for the whole of next summer. The Genoese supply them with everything; and England has submitted to be humbled by such a paltry state. The Danes and Swedes are for ever entering Toulon with timber: if they are stopped, they are bound to Genoa and Leghorn, from which place the wood, &c., is sent with little expense. The rascality of neutral powers we all know; therefore, I have only to

say, they are as bad as ever. I beg you will present my kindest remembrances to Mrs. Suckling, Miss Suckling, and the rest of the family. Is Captⁿ. Suckling still abroad? Pray remember me to him when you write, and don't forget me to Mr. Rumsey, and my friends at Hampstead; and send me ever

"Your most affectionate
"HORATIO NELSON."

"William Suckling, Esq."

"*Agamemnon*, Dec. 5th, off Corsica.

"My dear Sir.—I am just returned from Tunis, where I have been under Commodore Linzee, to negotiate for a French convoy from the Levant. You will believe the English soldiery get much by negotiation except the being laughed at, which we have been; and I don't like it. Had we taken, which in my opinion we ought to have done, the men-of-war and convoy, worth at least £300,000, how much better we could have negotiated:—given the Bey £50,000, he would have been glad to have put up with the insult offered to his dignity. The French sent him very great presents; and he bought, through fear of us, several rich cargoes, for one third of their value. The ships of war so much believed we should have attacked them, that, at first, they hauled their ships almost a-ground; but latterly almost insulted us. Thank God, Lord Hood, whom Linzee sent to for orders how to act, after having negotiated, ordered me from under his command, and to command a squadron of frigates off Corsica and the coast of Italy, to protect our trade, and that of our new ally, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and to prevent any ship or vessel, of whatever nation, from going into the port of Genoa. I consider this command as a very high comp^t:—there being five older Captains in the fleet.

"You will have heard of our little brush from Maurice, whom I wrote to from Tunis, by way of Spain: that the lord should be pleased with our conduct, you need not wonder at; I flatter myself he could not be otherwise. Had they been English, and we French, the case, I am sure, would have been different. I am now cruising for them: they are in St. Fiorenzo. Corsica, Dec. 8th:—I have been in sight of the French squadron all day, at anchor: they cannot be induced to come out, notwithstanding their great superiority. Remember me in the kindest manner to Mrs. Suckling, Miss Suckling, and all the family. Believe me

"Your most affectionate

"HORATIO NELSON."

"Pray don't forget me to Mr. Rumsey.
"William Suckling, Esq."

The French, indeed, were now assuming a menacing attitude, threatening Corsica; and it was reported that the fleet was about to come out from Toulon, with express orders to engage the English ships. Early in 1795 Admiral Hotham cruised off that port to offer them the opportunity they professed to desire, and which was probably anticipated by no one with such burning impatience as Nelson. But Hotham appears to have been too slow a leader for one of his fiery nature; in fact, such an opinion is distinctly expressed in more than one of his letters. The two with which we shall close our sketch for this week (on the eve of brilliant achievements), were written during this period of expectation. The second, both as concerns the state and value of Corsica, and as breathing the just language of complaint for the neglect he had received, compared with his merits, will be found deeply interesting:—

"*Agamemnon*, Fiorenzo, Feb. 1st, 1795.

"My dear Sir.—Your letter, without date, but which I guess to be written about Christmas,

* We have some doubt whether this letter was not written in the December of the previous year.

I received two days ago; and although I have not very frequently been favoured with a sight of your writing, except on the outside of letters, yet I am always sure of your continued regard for me—a circumstance which I ever hold dear, and which it will ever be my pride to deserve. I don't think, at present, *Agamemnon* has any chance of coming home; we are too inferior to the enemy. Our Admiral is careful of us and will not suffer a line-of-battle ship to get out of his sight. We sail the day after to-morrow, but I do not expect to do any good. I have taken advantage of your offer, and inclose a letter for Mrs. Nelson. With kindest remembrances to Mrs. Suckling, Miss Suckling, and family, believe me ever

"Your much obliged and affectionate

HORATIO NELSON.
"Best respects at Hampstead."

Agamemnon, St. Fiorenzo, Feb. 7th, 1795.

"My dear Sir,—This day twelvemonth saw the British troops land at this place, for the purpose of turning the French out of the island, and the more I see of its produce, and convenient ports for our fleets, the more I am satisfied of Lord Hood's great wisdom in getting possession of it; for had his lordship not come forward with a *bolt plan*, all our trade and political consequence would have been lost in Italy; for, after the evacuation of Toulon, to what place were we to look for shelter for our fleet, and the numerous attendants of victuallers, store-ships, and transports? Genoa was inimical to us, and, by treaty, only five sail of the line could enter their ports at the same time. If we look at Tuscany, she was little better than forced to declare for us, and ever since wishing to get her neutrality again. Even the French consul, though not officially received, has not left Leghorn. All our trade, and of our allies, to Italy, must all pass close to Corsica; the enemy would have had the ports of this island full of row-gullies; and, from the great calms near the land, our ships of war could not have protected the trade—they can always be taken under your eye: therefore, on this account only, every man of common sense must see the necessity of possessing this island. The Spanish ports and Neapolitan are so improper, and (except Minorca, which is now only a fishing town, with a few slips for ship-building, everything being destroyed,) the distance from the scene of war, so distant that they could not have been used, even would the Dons have made us welcome, which I doubt.

"The loss to the French has been great indeed: all the ships built at Toulon have their sides, beams, decks, and straight timbers from this island. The pine of this island is of the finest texture I ever saw; and the tar, pitch, and hemp, although I believe the former not equal to Norway, yet were very much used in the yard at Toulon. So much for the benefit of it to us during the war; and, in peace, I see no reason but it may be as beneficial to England as any other part of the King's dominions. Every article of this island was suppressed, as it interfered with the produce of the S. of France. The large woods of olives must produce great quantities of fine oil, and the wine is much preferable to the wines of Italy. Our naval yards will be supplied with excellent wood; and, I dare say, the expence of keeping the island will be very trifling, and its importance to us very great. Other powers will certainly envy us; and the inhabitants will grow rich, and, I hope, happy, under our mild government. The difference is already visible: before, every Corsican carried his gun, for every district was at enmity with the other; many parts at war with the French, and none friendly with them; no single Frenchman could travel in this island—his death was certain. Now, not one man

in fifty carries arms: their swords are really turned into ploughshares; and we travel everywhere with only a stick. This day I have walked over 300 acres of fine wheat, which last year only served to feed a few goats; and if these great alterations are to be seen in the least fertile part of the island, what must be the change in the more fruitful? And when I reflect that I was the cause of re-attacking Bastia, after our wise generals gave it over, from not knowing the force, fancying it 2000 men; that it was I who, landing, joined the Corsicans, and with only my ship's party of marines, drove the French under the walls of Bastia; that it was I who, knowing the force in Bastia to be upwards of 4000 men, as I have now only ventured to tell Lord Hood, landed with only 1200 men, and kept the secret till within this week past:—what I must have felt during the whole siege may be easily conceived. Yet I am scarcely mentioned. I freely forgive, but cannot forget. This and much more ought to have been mentioned. It is known that, for two months, I blockaded Bastia with a squadron: only 50 sacks of flour got into the town. At St. Fiorenzo and Calvi, for two months before, nothing got in, and 4 French frigates could not get out, and are now ours. Yet my diligence is not mentioned, and others, for keeping succours out of Calvi for a few summer months, are handsomely mentioned. Such things are. I have got upon a subject near my heart, which is full when I think of the treatment I have received: every man who had any considerable share in the reduction, has got some place or other—I, only I, am without reward. The taking of Corsica, like the taking of St. Juan's, has cost me money. St. Juan's cost near £500; Corsica has cost me £300, an eye, and a cut across my back; and my money, I find, cannot be repaid me. Nothing but my anxious endeavour to serve my country makes me bear up against it; but I sometimes am ready to give all up. We are just going to sea, and I hope to God we shall meet the French fleet, which may give us all gold chains—who knows? Remember me most kindly to Mrs. Suckling and Miss Suckling; and believe me, in every situation, I feel myself

"Your much obliged and affectionate

HORATIO NELSON.

"Best respects to Mr. Rumsby and family, and to Mr. Mentz. Forgive this letter: I have said a great deal too much of myself; but indeed it is all too true."

(To be continued.)

MUSIC IN THE PROVINCES.

The Festivals at Hereford, Hull, and Birmingham.

These three provincial festivals—carnivals, the full interest and gaiety of which can hardly be understood by those always resident in the metropolis, have now taken place, and it becomes our pleasant duty to say a few words on each, giving, of course, the place of honour to the Birmingham meeting. This, indeed, must have been an object of peculiar interest to every musical amateur; in addition to the novelties of a splendid music room and an organ, so magnificent that we find some of our contemporaries absolutely quarrelling with its size, the attraction of a new work, composed expressly for the occasion, was added; and the consequence of this enterprise and preparation has been, as might be expected, the utmost success in a financial point of view.

Our remarks will be confined to the novelty we have just alluded to, as, by abstaining from going through the **Messiah*, and **Israel in Egypt*, step by step, we shall have more space to speak of the new Oratorio by the Chevalier Neukomm; and we are induced to fix our attention on this composition, having noticed, on the part of certain of the provincial press, an attempt

to raise the cry of "Old Handel," by way of depreciating the music, now, for the first time, introduced to them. There is no style of criticism more easy than this sort of partisanship; no claim to sagacity which it gives less trouble to advance, than the one of decrying everything that is now, because it is so. This has been always the case on such occasions, and doubtless, in the days of Handel himself, there were many who sneered at his sublime works, and talked of Purcell and Palestrina.

Our creed is precisely the reverse of this; we love and venerate what is good of every age, clime, and country, but are favourably disposed towards any new undertaking, because, even should it fail, the spirit of enterprise which produced it is worthy of recognition and honour. But to come from generalities to the instance before us, the Oratorio of *'David'* has no need of such predisposition on our parts—it is a fresh, fine work, from the hand of a master; and if some of the effects are a little nearer the drama than we are accustomed to think discreet in sacred music, the error is on the right side.

With one exception, this Oratorio, on the whole, went well, though the relative positions of band and chorus struck us as anything but happy—the violins and other stringed instruments being smothered between the choir before, and the giant organ behind—the deep tones of which were aided no little by the introduction of the new bass wind instrument the Ophicleide. We have already mentioned the manner in which the subject of this Oratorio has been arranged and treated; we have first David brought before us as a shepherd—the pastoral introduction is charming and melodious; a sweet clarionet solo, however, gives us an opportunity of noticing what we consider one of the short-comings of the composition as a *solid* work, namely, the too constant use of solo instruments in the symphonies to the different songs, which, to our ears, gives the whole too light an effect for sacred music. We must here, too, mention our entire delight in Braham's singing throughout this Oratorio—his part was written for him, and he did justice to it with spirit and success, as if resolved to show that Time has not yet won the mastery over him. Nor must we omit to speak of Stockhausen's delicious singing of her beautiful song *'Return, O David, return'*: this lady is a true artist, not only perfect in the cultivation of her voice, but also in the sincerity and good taste with which she never fails to possess herself of the meaning of the composer whose music is allotted to her. Throughout this suite of festivals, she has raised herself (if that could be) in our good opinion. The chorus *'Behold the Giant'*, which opens the scene of warfare in the valley of Elah, is a fine dramatic composition; and the duet *'Come unto me'*, in which the Israelite and Philistine champions mutually defy each other, was most spiritedly given by Messrs. Braham and Machin, the latter doing his utmost to gain himself honour in (we believe) his native town. The battle scene and chorus, *'He falls'*, is also full of vivid and animating interest. Mrs. Knyvet's song, *'Mighty Jehovah'*, is rather tame, and the concluding chorus of the act, with the exception of the lovely canon, *'Who can proclaim'*, and part of its final fugue, struck us as too operatic.

The second act of this Oratorio opens with a masterly scene, in which the shadow which lay dark upon Saul is most strikingly pourtrayed—it was sung by Phillips. The repose of the subsequent passage, *'I will lay me down in peace'*, told beautifully by contrast. We must pass the pieces which follow, (stopping for a moment to mention the chorus *'Haste thee away'*, as full of character,) till we come to the battle scene and chorus *'O Israel, mourn'*, which is, beyond doubt, the finest thing in the Oratorio—it is full of pathos and lamentation, and, to us, the

muffled drums and gong (which some of our contemporaries have inveighed against,) only deepened the character of the scene. The Oratorio concludes with a chorus hailing David as the crowned king: it is to be regretted that one effect (the one of the celestial 'Hosanna,') was so completely lost by the want of time in the singers. We hope, however, to have many opportunities of hearing this amended.

Our hasty sketch of this Oratorio has yet extended to such a length, that it is out of our power to speak of the Concerts of this Festival. This is of less consequence, as the schemes of the evening performances on such occasions, are, for the most part, made up of songs, concerted pieces, &c. &c., which have been already repeated to satiety. When will the committees and conductors of these meetings remember that it is one thing to hear a composition on the stage, with all the adjuncts of action, costume, &c., and another to listen to it from an orchestra,—and that the old glories and songs may, at last, be like the 'Cottage Maid' in the country circulating library, "quite worn out"?

Our limits, too, compel us to be brief concerning the meetings at Hull and Hereford. At the former, the novelties by Künzen and Romberg did not leave any favourable impression upon us; but we must remark that the enterprise of those who built the new and most excellent music hall at Hull, merited better encouragement than the loss which the statement of expenditure and receipts will show. Nor can we omit to speak in the highest terms of a new violinist we heard there, M. Nagel, whose finished style and brilliant execution deserve, and we hope will be acknowledged by, a Philharmonic audience.

The music at Hereford went off excellently well; the removal of the orchestra from the choir into the nave, answered entirely, and was a great improvement. Spohr's 'Last Judgment' was performed there for the first time, and was much relished.

On the whole, we have been much pleased with the improvement we have perceived in the bands and choruses of these three meetings over those of former occasions. A better taste on the part of their patrons also, appears on the advance; and we close our notice in the hope that we shall next year find that further steps have been made towards perfection.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF COLERIDGE.

In April 1819, Mr. Wordsworth announced his poem, 'Peter Bell,' and between the announcement and the publication a quiz was written, advertised, and brought out, which purposely resembled the original in name, and by accident in metre. It was introduced to the Quaker or *Friendly* Public, with the significant motto, "I do affirm that I am the real Simon Pure." The skit was taken up by the Journals of the day, and merrily received. Lord Byron in a letter to Moore, dated Ravenna, August 1820, writes—"P.S. Did you write the lively quiz on Peter Bell? It has wit enough to be yours, and almost too much to be any body else's now going. It was in Galignani the other day or week." Connected with these same "Two Poems, two Peters, two Bells," we are, by the kindness of a friend, enabled to submit a short correspondence, between Coleridge and the Publishers † of Peter the Wag, not Peter the

[†]We understand the writer of the letter, in the name of the Publishers, to have been Mr. John Taylor, of the then firm of Taylor & Hessey. He is well known as the searching writer of that work entitled 'The Identity of Junius.' A note to him, from Sir James Mackintosh, referring to the subject of the text, is not destroyed, and runs thus:—

"Dear Sir.—Will you be so good as to let me have the parody on Wordsworth. I wish I could guess at the Author, as speciously as you did about Junius."

"Yours ever,

"J. MACKINTOSH."

"Fenton's Hotel, 27th April."

Waggoner,—of the Muffin-maker's Tinkler, and not the great Tom of Lincoln, which will not, we think, be uninteresting to our readers. The anxiety for the interests and the vindication of the genius of Mr. Wordsworth, with whom for many years Coleridge, as he says, had ceased by letters to have been in correspondence, are honourable to the sincerity and the feeling of the latter.

Friday, April 16th, 1819.
Highgate.

"Dear Sirs,—I hope, nay I feel confident, that you will interpret this note in its real sense, namely, as a proof of the esteem and respect which I entertain towards you both. Looking in the *Times* this morning, I was startled by an Advertisement of 'PETER BELL,' a lyrical Ballad, with a very significant Motto, from one of our Comedies of Charles the 2nd's reign, 'what it signifies I wish to ascertain. 'Peter Bell' is a Poem of Mr. Wordsworth's—and I have not heard that it has been published by him. If it have, and with his name (I have reason to believe that he never publishes anonymously) and this now advertised as a ridicule on it, I have nothing to say. But if it have not, I have ventured to pledge myself for you, that you would not willingly give the high respectability of your names to an attack on a *Manuscript* work, which no man could assail, but by a base breach of Trust. Merciful Heaven! no one could dare read a copy of verses at his own fireside, if such a practice were endured by honest men! and that the poem itself should have been published by *you*, unless with Mr. Wordsworth's consent, is morally impossible. I just remember the first lines of Mr. W.'s 'Peter Bell.'

There's something in a flying horse,
There's something in a trim balloon,—
But thro' the air I'll never float,
Until I get a little Boat,—

In shape just like the crescent moon;—
And I have got a little Boat, &c. &c.

"Had it been in my power, I should have gone to Town, to see what this 'Peter Bell' (the true 'Simon Pure') is, and to have rectified any mistake I may have made, (tho' I can imagine no other, but that the Poem may have been published and I have not heard of it,) without mention of my preceding apprehensions. But as I could not do this, and really felt uneasy, I resolved to throw myself on your good opinion of the sincerity with which I subscribe myself,

"Dear Sirs,

"Yours most respectfully,

"S. T. COLERIDGE."

"To Messrs. Taylor & Hessey."

Fleet Street, 16th April, 1819.

"Dear Sir,—We enclose the little work, which has occasioned you so much perplexity, and we trust, that when you have looked it over, we shall still retain your good opinion.

"It was written by a sincere admirer of Mr. Wordsworth's Poetry, by a person who has been his advocate in every place, where he found an opportunity of expressing an opinion on the subject; and we really think, that when the original Poem is published, he will feel all that intense regard for its beauties, which distinguishes the true lover of Mr. W.'s Poetry. The immediate cause of his writing this burlesque imitation of the Idiot Boy, was the announcement of a new Poem, with so unlucky a title, as that of 'Peter Bell.' He thought that all Mr. W.'s excellencies might be displayed in some work, which should be free from those ridiculous associations which vulgar names give rise to, and as a friend he felt vexed, that unnecessary obstacles were thus again thrown in the way of Mr. W.'s popularity.

"You do not know the Author, nor are we at liberty to mention his name. There was no 'Malice prepense' in the undertaking we can assure you, for we happen to know, that it was

written in 5 hours after he first thought of such a thing, and it was printed in as many more. He never heard a line of the original Poem, nor did he know that it was in existence, till he saw the name in the Advertisements.

"We are placed in a situation which enables us to see the effect of these peculiarities, which this writer wishes Mr. Wordsworth to renounce, and we must say, that they grieve his friends, gladden his adversaries, and are the chief, if not the only impediments to the favourable reception of his Poems among all classes of readers.

"With many thanks for the kind interests you have taken in our favour on this occasion,

"We remain, Dear Sir,
"Yours very sincerely,
"TAYLOR & HESSEY."

"To S. T. Coleridge."

Thursday Afternoon,
Highgate.

"Dear Sirs,—The Influenza which is at present going about has honored me with its particular attention, in the form of fever, weight in my limbs, and this from the day I received your letter and the *true Simon Pure*. Tho' I write with difficulty, I will not longer delay to assure you, that I should not have subjected myself to the charge of impudent interference, had I been then aware, that Mr. Wordsworth's Poem had been announced publicly—for it is now many years since I have been in correspondence with him by letters. It is, according to my principles, ALL FAIR. The Satirist pretends to know nothing of the author but what he has drawn from his printed works, and implies nothing against his personal and private character; all else is matter of Taste. I laughed heartily at *all the Prose*, notes included, and am confident, should have done so, and yet more heartily, had I been myself the barb of the joke. The writer, however, ought (as a man, I mean,) to recollect, that Mr. Wordsworth for full 16 years had been assailed weekly, monthly, and quarterly, with every species of wanton detraction and contempt—that my 'Literary Life,' was the first Critique, which, acknowledging and explaining his faults as a Poet, weighed these fairly against his merits, (and is there a Poet now alive who will pretend to believe himself equal in genius to Wordsworth?)—that during all these years, Mr. Wordsworth made no answer, displayed no resentment, and lastly, that from Cicero to Luther, Giordano Bruno, Milton, Dryden, Wolfe, John Browne, Hunter, &c. &c., I know but one instance (that of Benedict Spinoza) of a man of great genius and original mind, who, on those very accounts, had been abused, misunderstood, decried, and (as far as the several ages permitted) persecuted, who has not been worried at last into a semblance of Egotism. The verdict of justice is ever the same; as to the quantum of merit due to a man comparatively, if the whole, or perhaps more than the whole, is given to a man, by his contemporaries generally, what wonder, if he feels little temptation to claim any in his own name?

"As to the *Poem* of the Satirist, it seems to me, like many of its predecessors of the same sort, A, we are to suppose, writes like a simpleton, and B writes tenfold more simpletonish. Ergo, By wilful idiocy is a witty satire on A's childishness!! At the best this is but mimicry, buffoonery, not satire. When a man can imitate even stupidity, and even the blunders of a Dogberry, so as to render them, as Shakespeare has done, the vehicles of the most exquisite sense—this is indeed *Wit*. But be the verses what they may, they are all morally fair, and the Preface and Notes are very droll and clever.

"Yours, Dear Sirs,
"With unfeigned respect,
"S. T. COLERIDGE."

"To Messrs. Taylor & Hessey."

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE
AND ART.

We were on the point of registering a complaint at the absence of matters whereon to gossip this week, when it first occurred to us, that our columns contain rather an extraordinary share of "News from all nations" dispersed through them—and that policy, as well as necessity, might make us shorter than our wont in this article. We shall say nothing of what is the result of our own exertions; but for much, we are indebted to private friendship and public patronage. We have, indeed, latterly had frequent occasion to make acknowledgment of gratitude for services rendered to us by friends known and unknown; but this week we feel beggared even in thanks. They are, however, especially due for the valuable communication of Sir John Herschel. The *Athenæum* was the first paper to announce the safe arrival at the Cape of this distinguished philosopher; and we have this day the proud satisfaction of presenting our readers with the first scientific communication received from him. To private friendship we are further indebted for the interesting letters of Coleridge—and to the good wishes of volunteer correspondents for the copy of Mr. Sheridan Knowles's lines on the good ship Columbus, and for an original letter by the late Thomas Barker, of Lyndon, on Comets, in which mention is made of the Halley Comet; but the appearance of which letter is necessarily deferred for want of room.

There is, however, little stirring among us just now—and so many Parisian matters have come before us this week, that we have half fancied ourselves across the Channel, while tossing over a heap of periodicals—light—as the *Petit Courier des Dames*—and learned—as *L'Echo du Monde Savant*, and *Le Bulletin de la Société Géologique*, (from which last we may glean somewhat on a future occasion). The former, we are told on fair authority, is the best of all manuals for tasteful costume—and we can see for ourselves, that it contains abundance of chit-chat of the day. The latter two journals are weighted with more solid ware, and must be reserved for our graver mood. While we are at Paris, we may as well advert to an announcement of the re-appearance of Brambilla, whose bright eyes and rich voice still live in the memory of our opera visitors. We expect much from this singer.

Our announcement of forthcoming works of good promise had nearly been overlaid by all this foreign frivolity and science. Mr. Webster, Surgeon of H. M. S. Chanticleer, is, it appears, about to publish (by order of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty) the Narrative of his Voyage in that vessel during the years 1829, 1830, and 1831, when commanded by the late Captain Foster.—A History of Edward the Black Prince, by Mr. James; and the first volume of the Transactions of the Entomological Society, are also about to appear.

We understand that Mr. G. H. Rodwell has been honoured with the appointment of Musical Composer to H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria.

THEATRICALS

DRURY LANE.

"Have you seen Denvil?" is now the prevailing question in all theatrical circles; indeed, the only other question is—who shall say it first? It meets us, as friends or acquaintances meet us, at every turn, and is become as familiar to our ears as it would be to our eyes, were the walls chalked with "Have you seen Denvil?" "Try Denvil!" or "Use Drury Lane." The answers are "as plenty as blackberries," but by no means so like one another. In point of fact, they are almost as different as the white substance above alluded to is from the article of food denominated cheese. We have heard every degree of praise accorded

to him, from the most unlimited to the almost imperceptible; and on the other hand, every degree of fault has been found with him, from the slightest elevation of the nostrils down to the absolute and sturdy denial of all merit. Those who praise him do so upon totally different grounds, and those who find fault with him, cannot agree upon his defects. So much for private opinions concerning Mr. Denvil; for the public ones we must refer to the daily and weekly journals: and here again we find no two in a story about him; but yet, be it remarked, no one, as far as we have seen, which ventures to deny him the possession of considerable talent, for those which do not assign it to him positively, if attentively perused, will be found to give it him negatively. Since our last notice was written, he has twice repeated the character of *Shylock*, and each time (for we have watched him) beauties have been added, and blemishes removed. On Monday he played *Richard the Third*, and the opinions of the press on Tuesday, which were beginning to settle down a little, and to take some kind of tone from one another about his *Shylock*, were all thrown into a jumble again. Never perhaps was there a case in which doctors disagreed to such an extent—it is really quite amusing; but, let us be just—let us take care that what is fun to us, do not turn out to be death to the reputation of a clever and deserving man. Let consultations, if necessary, be held; let some general mode of treatment be agreed upon; for our readers may take our theatrical word for it, that the patient is too valuable an acquisition to the stage to be allowed to die.

The *True Sun* has collected the various opinions of Tuesday and placed them side by side,—and curious and contradictory enough they certainly are. The *True Sun* itself seems to partake of the general difficulty in deciding on the merits of Mr. Denvil, though honestly inclined to do justice to "this puzzling actor," as the *Examiner* calls him. Now comes at the end of the week, after everybody else has said his say, and "last," though we trust not "least" in the public's "dear love"—the *Athenæum*—and "thus he plays his part," or rather thus, in our estimation, does Mr. Denvil play his. With due deference to our clever contemporary of the *True Sun* and to all our other "worthy, clever, gifted, ingenious, and respectable contemporaries of all the other honourable and distinguished newspapers of this magnificent city," (as Mr. Simpson, of Vauxhall immortality, would say,) we see nothing at all puzzling about the performance of Mr. Denvil, either in *Shylock* or *Richard*. It is impossible (we should think) for any one at all conversant with theatricals to sit through that gentleman's representation, be it of the one part or the other, without being impressed with the notion that he has seen an actor of considerable power and of considerable originality both of thought and action. Well then—what are the objections? That in neither part is his acting perfect, and that in both it is unequal—granted: and when we have granted it, we have imported a tragic actor from the Kensington Theatre, at this moment better, decidedly better (in our opinion) than any one now engaged on the national boards, with originality, which no one in his line but himself has, to boot. Shall we then churlishly throw cold water upon the exertions of a man evidently ardent and zealous in his profession, because he is not, without London experience, what very, very few have ever been with it? Shall we, who are bordering upon a theatrical famine, reject a ship-load of talent which comes to our relief, because some few grains of it have been tainted by the bad air of the warehouses in which it has been detained? Surely not—let us rather be thankful for the good, assist in the easy removal of that which is indifferent, and give Mr. Denvil a permanent place upon our stage. Our opinion is, that if fair play be allowed him, he will not

only make that the first place, but hold himself firmly in it. He may disappoint our expectations, but we see no reason why he should; he has a good person—a face considerably above average—an agreeable and distinct voice, and considerable experience in his profession; he imitates nobody, and is altogether free from mannerism. We are not sure that he has not pleased as much by being totally unlike every other actor, as by anything else. He does not rush on to the stage, "as the manner of some is," and take it all to himself, nor does he seem to expect that when he is on it nobody else is to be listened to; he is content to be the principal person before the audience when his part calls on him to be so, and, until that moment arrives, he proceeds in his business with a most John Kemble-like or stoical (synonymous terms) indifference to the applause of the moment. We will not take to pieces either of the parts he has played, nor point out those scenes and passages which have pleased us most, and those in which he has most disappointed us. The contradictory opinions are already too numerous for us to swell the list, but we will say, in passing, that we think his tent scene in *Richard* fully equal to Kean's in point of effect, and more than equal to it in easy originality and natural conception. We know nothing of Mr. Denvil privately—we have not as yet even seen him off the stage; if he is a conceited man, and fancies that he has nothing to learn, he will perhaps have much to do to hold his ground; but if he is, as his demeanour upon the stage would seem to indicate, one fond of his art, and anxious to strengthen himself in his present position by resolutely disregarding all trick, and carefully improving a part each time he plays it, then we say, looking to what the mere advantage of London practice has done over and over again for actors possessing scarcely a tithe of his requisites, that nothing need stand between him and the highest honours of his profession.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE AND OLYMPIC THEATRE.

We presume that Mr. Denvil has fancied that he was playing *Richard* to our *Richmond* while we have been writing our theatracls for the week, for he has driven us into a corner—and in that corner we must briefly notice a new piece at each of the above houses. The first is a historical drama, by Mr. Serle, in two acts, called "The Widow Queen," well constructed—cleverly written—respectably acted, and quite successful—and the second a one act burletta, or rather farce, (we wish we might give up the farce of calling it a burletta, which it is not, and call the burletta a farce, which it is,) entitled "A Friend in Need." The author of this is Mr. Richard Westmacott—author also of the popular farce of "Hide and Seek"—and he has again shown his power of shaking the sides of an audience. It was particularly and deservedly successful, and is one of those amusing bubbles which Madame Vestris continues to blow into the theatre from her merry and fantastic pipe, and which will continue to float agreeably before the audience until the next jostles against and causes it to burst.

MISCELLANEA

Boieldieu.—Music, like Poetry, is losing her master spirits just now. It was with sorrow that we received the tidings of Boieldieu's death—for the sealing up of genius in the tomb must be always saddening. He was born at Rouen, so musical biographies state, in the year 1770—the newspapers, on the other hand, we observe, mention his age at about fifty-nine. About 1795, he first made his appearance in Paris, and began to compose his operas, in their particular style so unrivalled. He passed part of his life at the Court of the Emperor of Russia, being appointed *Maitre de chapelle* on

the death of Sarti, and some years ago, much to the astonishment of his friends, married a dancer of the name of Clotilde. The last work he brought out, 'Les deux Nuits,' was performed in 1829—since when, he had been much of an invalid, and had only recently before his death returned from a journey for the re-establishment of his health. We are indebted to a correspondent in Paris, for these outline facts of this brilliant musician's life and career—our friend too, attended a solemn service performed over his remains, which he describes as most imposing. "The mass," says he, "was one of Cherubini's, and was performed in the magnificent Hotel des Invalides—the Archbishop, it is said, objecting to its being celebrated in church, because Boieldieu had once been an actor. Cherubini (himself a veteran) presided over the orchestra of about 300 performers. It would be unfair to institute a comparison between this Mass and the Westminster Festival, if the result were not in favour of the former, but, strange as it may appear, although the Festival was so much stronger in band and chorus, the effect was grander at the Invalides. Among the distinguished musicians present, were Rossini (looking ill), Auber, Paer, Carafa, Adam, &c. &c., and Nourrit and Lablache were among the singers." Thus far our correspondent. It would be hardly necessary anywhere else than in England, to refer to the 'Jean de Paris,' 'La Dame Blanche,' 'Le petit Chaperon rouge,' 'La Reine de Golconde,' and 'Les deux Nuits,' as Boieldieu's principal works. For lightness and melody, piquancy in the orchestral effects, and dramatic expression, they are almost unrivalled. Why is it that we hear none of them? at a time, too, when novelty is so much wanted at the Opera, and the comparatively borrowed music of Auber circulates so widely? We sometimes fancy, that during the pause which music seems making just now in Italy and Germany, France will come forward and take the lead. If so, it is surely only prudent to be ready to keep up with her; and we could not begin better than by doing honour due to the works of one of her most fascinating composers.

Influence of the Moon upon the Atmosphere.—An astronomer at Viviers has for some time been occupied in investigations on this subject. He states, among other results, that under lunar influence the barometer rises from the period when the moon is at 135 degrees from the meridian, towards the east, to the period when, having passed the meridian, it has retrograded as far as 90 degrees, towards the west;—that according to these observations, the moon weakens the barometrical pressure, so that the atmosphere would be much heavier, if the moon did not exist. The following are some further observations in relation to this subject. During the last 20 years, the number of wet days at the new moon, was 78; at its first quarter, 88; at full moon, 82; at the last quarter, 65; at the nearest distance to the moon, 96; and at the greatest distance from it, 84.

St. Pierre.—One of the last letters, written by St. Pierre, Author of 'Studies of Nature,' was in answer to Mr. Bucke, who had sent him a copy of his work on 'The Beauties and Sublimities of Nature.' In this letter, the old man, after expressing his thanks, made a strange allusion, strange in many respects, to a paragraph, which had recently appeared in the French papers, relative to a purse of louis, which Bonaparte had left upon his mantel-piece, soon after his return from his splendid campaign in Italy. "He certainly did leave a purse on my mantel-piece," he observes, "and I felt greatly obliged to him for so doing. But when I learnt, afterwards, that he had made several remarks, not very agreeable to me to hear—implying that he had been told, that to leave money on my table was not the easiest way of affronting the

Author of 'Paul and Virginia,' I began to consider, that I had done quite as much good in the world as he was ever likely to do; and that the few louis he had left, however large the sum might be considered in the eyes of the leaver, was only a small portion of the large sum he, and others of his stamp, had obtained from the occupation of Venice and many other fine cities of Italy."

Louis Philip's Patronage of the Fine Arts.—Louis Philip has lately sat to Gerard for his portrait, which is finished, and has been placed in the Louvre. Connoisseurs, however, say, that the artist has not treated the subject with his usual success, for though the portrait is a likeness, there is a stiffness and awkwardness about it, which have an unpleasing effect. The *Artiste*, in reference to this portrait, notices as a remarkable circumstance, that it is placed in the Louvre quite in an opposite direction to that where the portraits of Louis the Eighteenth and Charles the Tenth were hung. The King of the French patronizes the fine arts to a greater extent than ever. When Duke of Orleans, he had a very fine collection of paintings, by Horace Vernet, David, and various other modern artists, besides many of the old masters.

Population of Paris.—According to the last census, the number of the inhabitants of Paris amounts to 784,000, who reside in 29,000 houses. From this it would appear that, taking the average, there are 28 individuals to each house.

Emigration.—A New York paper says—The emigration into Canada through Quebec from June 1825, to August 1834, amounts, according to a table published in the Montreal Daily Advertiser, to one million one hundred and thirty-three thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight persons. The greatest number of emigrants in any one year was in 1832, when it amounted to 220,000.

Level of the Baltic—(see *Athenæum*, No. 289).—The 'Commercial Gazette' of St. Petersburg, of May 28, has the following:—"It has been remarked that, during the last twenty years, the water in this port has become considerably lowered, and affords a new proof of the correctness of the observations made by the ancient inhabitants of the shores of the Baltic, that the bottom of this sea is continually rising; that the level and body of the water is gradually diminishing, and that the land is increasing on every side. According to the researches of the ancient naturalists, phenomena of this nature most frequently occur in the countries near the North Pole. We can quote as an example the lakes of Denmark, which have sunk so low that some of them are almost entirely without water. Sweden and Norway, 2500 years ago, formed one island. The town of Pitta, in forty-five years became distant from the sea two miles, and the water receded from Loulea one mile in twenty-eight years. The ancient port of Lodisa is now four miles from the sea, and that of Westerwick two miles. At the time of the foundation of Torneo, large vessels could come close up to it—now it is in the middle of the peninsula. The islands of Errsgoe and Caroe, Apsoe and Testeroe, have been for many years joined to each other; and Louise, Psalmodi, Magdelone, and many more, have become part of the mainland.—*New Monthly Mag.*

Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin.—It will be recollect ed that Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, (of the British navy) a native of Nantucket, when on a visit there, some years ago, founded, and liberally endowed, a public school, called the "Coffin school," for the particular education, however, of all the little *Coffins*, present or to come. He has lately permanently added 100*l.* sterling more per annum, for the support and extension of this school. The stock to produce this revenue he desires may be vested in the name of the governor of Massachusetts, or mayor of Boston,

for the time being, and its interest drawn for by said governor or mayor, to be applied as aforesaid.—*Niles' Register (U. S.)*

Niagara.—Great works have been accomplished in Canada, and others are about to be commenced, in the improvement of the navigation of the St. Lawrence. It is within the range of possibilities that some great city, to be located on Lake Superior, may be visited by vessels direct from Liverpool—though not of that "peculiar construction" with which Englishmen expected to ascend the cataract of Niagara, at the beginning of the late war! That cataract, however, is no longer an impassable barrier between the upper and lower lakes. A canal has been made round the falls, and the ascent or descent between Ontario and Erie is easy.—*Niles' Register.*

The Academy of Sciences at Lyons has just offered a gold medal, of the value of 600*f.*, for the best essay on this question—"What is the best system of Education and Public Instruction in a Constitutional Monarchy?"—*Times.*

EPIGRAM FROM THE ANTHOLOGY.

A New Fire-escape.

The house was on fire; Zeno, circled in flame,
In vain call'd for aid—sure no case e'er was
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He escaped—Tell me how? Why, Antimachus
came
And lent him the use of his nose for a ladder.

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